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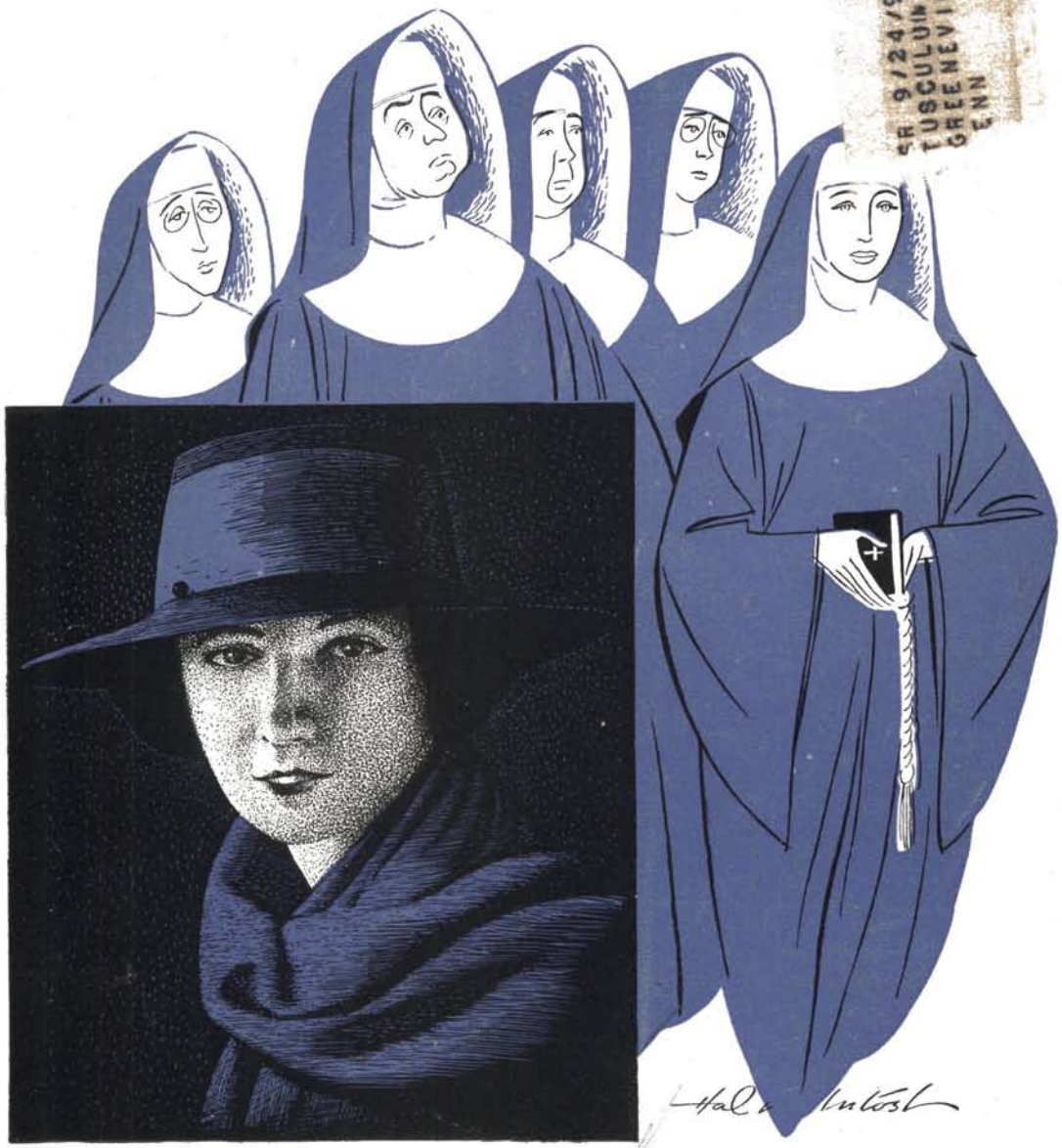

Elizabeth Charlotte Webster, author of "Ceremony of Innocence." (See page 14)

America's Young Novelists

Uneasy Inheritors of a Revolution

By JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

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February 12, 1949

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TRADE Winds

A CURRENT NOVEL was severely panned in a well-known weekly just a few days ago. There was nothing unusual in that fact itself, but the final paragraph, berating the publisher for haphazard editorial supervision and failure to make drastic cuts, reminded me of a piece I wrote some time ago for the Anniversary Issue of *Variety*. Considering the fact that I'm busy tidying up for a trip across the continent, I hope you'll forgive me if I cut a couple of corners and reprint that piece here:

How Long Can They Be?

(or: Historical Novels Over 800 Pages Long Should Be Declared Out of Bounds)

Horace Flutterbee was a novelist who brought joy to frustrated housewives, children of eight, and book-club proprietors with his standardized, sex-laden historical romances in the best bust-and-bottom manner. "The Blade of Sir Blatherskite" was 1,007 pages long, "The Rape of Lady Liederkranz" ran to 1,224, and "The Loves of Adam Bidet" bumbled on to 1,410. A free truss was given with every copy of "Adam Bidet," on the theory that everybody who tried to lift a copy would need one.

Flutterbee's publisher felt that his author had gone too far, however, when the script of "Naked in King Charles's Court" turned out to be twice as long as "Adam Bidet." It was delivered by the twenty-mule team that once hauled borax.

"Do you know what it costs to produce a book of this length today?" blustered the publisher. "We'd have to price it at eight dollars a copy to break even. If it's ever filmed, they'll have to serve free lunches and dinners to audiences who want to see it through. I think our editor Blivens better cut it a bit. Nothing serious, you understand—just six or seven hundred pages."

Flutterbee took this about as quietly as expected, making scarcely more uproar than a crowd of eighty thousand seeing an underdog home team score a winning touchdown in the final five seconds of play.

"Not a word comes out," he shrieked. "Editors always want to mutilate masterpieces. They hate great authors like me because we represent what they'd like to be themselves. I refuse to be crucified to salve the ego of some disappointed Dostoievsky. They didn't cut 'The Brothers Karamazov,' and you're not going to cut 'Naked in King Charles's Court.' "

Editor Blivens, the advertising manager, and the publisher himself pleaded for cuts until they were blue in the face, and Horace Flutterbee asked meaningfully for the telephone number of Simon & Schuster. "You win," groaned the publisher. "Your book will go to press with every last comma intact." "And every last cliché," added Blivens under his breath. Flutterbee departed with an air of triumph and a dinner date with the new blonde receptionist.

There is only one thing to add to this story. "Naked in King Charles's Court" was duly published and distributed to the four million members of the God-Forbid-You-Should-Have-to-Think Book Club. Editor Blivens kept his feelings in check until he read the review in the *New Amsterdam Magazine*. "Flutterbee's new novel," it thundered, "cried out for blue-penciling. What good are editors who fail to perform the function for which they supposedly are hired? Had a competent editor ruthlessly deleted the last fourteen chapters . . . etc., etc."

Editor Blivens walked quietly into the bathroom and cut his throat. . . .

THERE IS ONE EDITOR IN New York who actually can persuade all but the most egomaniacal of authors to make necessary deletions in their manuscripts. He is known as "Little Boy Blue Pencil." "All that is required," he informed me one day, "is the right psychology. My pappy told me a little story that has enabled me to outsmart the stubbornest author and make him putty in my hands."

"What is it?" I asked reluctantly. The editor's little stories have a way of going on for several hours.

"Once," began the editor, locking the door so I couldn't walk out, "there was a farm boy who craved a sow of his own, so he could breed some pigs for exhibition at the state fair.

" 'You're not sufficiently grounded in the ornery ways of pigs, son,' said his father. 'Pigs are the stubbornest, most contrary creatures that ever lived. Take that nasty sow rooting over there. How could a shaver like you expect, for instance, to persuade that cussed creature to climb the steps outside our barn?'

" 'Supposing I make the sow go up the steps,' proposed the boy. 'Can I have her if I do?'

" 'It's a deal, son,' said the farmer. 'But it can't be done, and I don't want you breaking your heart over it. I've studied the ways of sows for well on thirty years, and I know what you can make 'em do, and what you can't!'

"The boy, undaunted, sneaked a halter over the old sow's neck, and by exerting every ounce of strength, prodded her over to the bottom of the stairway, with her snoot pointed downward. Then the boy began tugging on the rope, as though he were bent on getting the sow away from

"By Jove, it does say Gimbel's basement!"

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the stairs. The contrary sow started backing *up* the steps. The harder the boy pulled, the harder the sow fought her way up. The sow won, of course, and the boy's father grumbled, 'Tarnation, son, you outsmarted that sow. She's yours.' "

"I get it," I told "Little Boy Blue Pencil," "but does that kind of stratagem always work on authors?"

"Almost always," he boasted. "Not even a sow is as perverse as a best-selling novelist. Of course, no system is infallible. I tried it one time with the most lamentable results. A certain author was being particularly ornery about making cuts, so I swung into action. 'You're right,' I cried. 'Cutting this masterpiece would be sacrilege. In fact, I think you should write a couple of hundred more pages, and add a dozen characters and some extra seduction scenes.' The author didn't react properly at all. He pounded me on the back and cried, 'You're a genius! I knew you'd see it my way. It just so happens I have seven extra chapters in this portfolio here. I was afraid to show them to you before, but now that you've made the suggestion yourself, old boy. . . .' " . . .

THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF *VARIETY* referred to above is a herculean job performed annually by Editor Abel Green. The 1949 edition contains some stories so fresh that self-effacing Broadway gossip columnists won't "originate" them for another six months. . . . Frank Sinatra tells about the California agent who engaged six midgets in New York to play in a motion picture. When he met them at the Pasadena station, it turned out that the midgets all were six feet tall. "What happened to you?" he gasped. "We met a wise guy on the train," explained one midget, "who persuaded us to change our act." . . . John Kieran knows an owner of a big Cadillac limousine who brought it back to his garage in a dreadfully battered condition. The attendant asked, "What in the world happened?" The owner replied glumly, "A Ford hit me." The attendant took another survey of the damage and inquired, "How many times?" . . . Larry Adler was flying to Australia with a USO unit in 1944, when the pilot suddenly sent the plane diving 5,000 feet. A Canadian soldier, in the bucket seat on the right, turned to Adler and said, "Beg pardon, but is the ringing in my ears annoying you?" . . . And Joe E. Lewis recalls a young gangster who hung out in a Chicago night club where he was appearing years ago. The lad was a cold-blooded killer, and, oddly enough, the only apparent reaction he would suffer after doing a "job" would show in his eyes: they invariably became terribly blood-shot. About the fifth time he showed up in the club with blood-shot eyes, Lewis thought a little lecture was in order. "Look, kid," he began. "This is no life for a youngster like you. You've got to stop." At this point, Lewis noticed the gangster's sometimes fatal resentment mounting visibly, so he concluded, "Yes, you've got to stop. You'll ruin your eyes!" . . .

THE DRASTIC DROP IN GROSSES chalked up by even the biggest motion-picture successes is graphically emphasized in another section of the Anniversary *Variety*. In 1946, for instance, there were forty-three films that earned over $3,000,000, eighteen that earned over four million, and five that earned over five million. In 1947, the record included thirty-five over three million, fifteen over four million, and eleven over five million. But in 1948, only twenty-two managed to top three million, seven exceeded four million, and not one reached the magic five million mark. 1948's biggest box-office attractions were "Road to Rio" ($4,500,000); "Easter Parade" ($4,200,000); "Red River" ($4,150,000); "The Three Musketeers" ($4,100,000); "Johnny Belinda" ($4,100,000); "Cass Timberlane" ($4,050,000), and "Emperor Waltz" ($4,000,000). "The Snake Pit" and "Joan of Arc" were released too late in the fall to figure in the big money. "The Treasure of Sierra Madre," chosen by New York film critics as the outstanding film of the year, drew only half as well as "Road to Rio." Where there's Hope—and Crosby—there's life. . . .

ALONG WITH THIS COLUMN, I am posting enough copy to cover me until I return to New York late in March. In other words, TRADE WINDS will be conducted as usual during peregrinations, by the same management.

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—BENNETT CERF.

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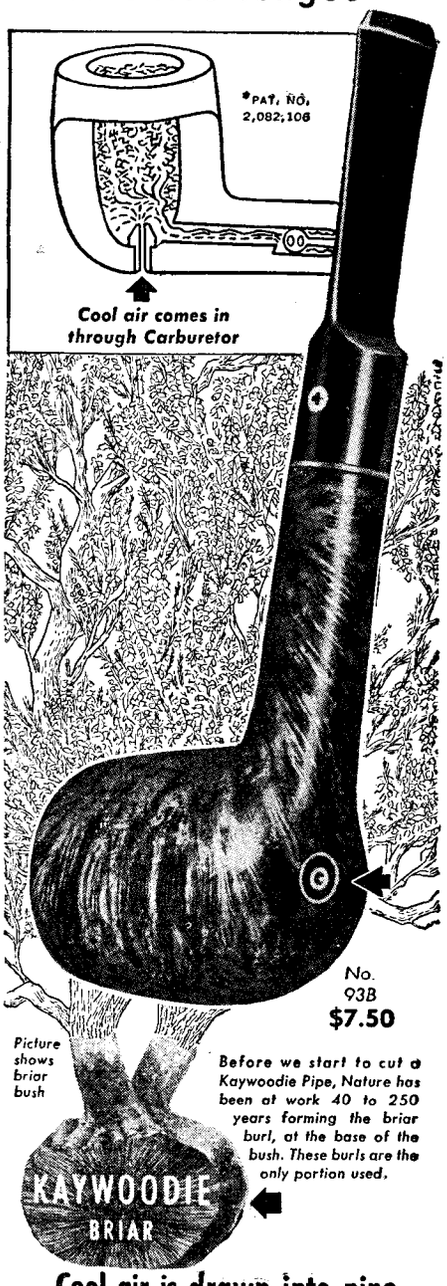
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The Saturday Review of Literature

America's Young Novelists

Uneasy Inheritors of a Revolution

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

—Cortelyou.
John W. Aldridge

IN THE last thirty years a literary generation has come of age, written out its measure of first promise, and lapsed into silence or the repetitions of maturity. Of all the sad and lost young men only the fittest have survived to become writers of distinction; and of the fittest, only two—Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos—have continued in this decade to produce novels that can be compared at all with those they wrote during the period of their first enthusiasm.

To them, as to the rest, the benefits of growing up in a time of discovery, transition, and revolt have been incalculable. For Hemingway, the violence of World War I and the disillusionment and loss which followed in the aftermath became a frame of artistic comprehension. Violence set against the code of loss—that cloak of chivalric morality and nerve with which his characters covered their inner nakedness—was his formula, his means of special entry into the spirit of his age. Within that formula, he was able to function as the superb writer he is. But the moment he tried to transcend it, to affirm rather than deny, he gave way to those curious excesses which made partial failures of his last two novels. In Dos Passos' an almost identical pattern can be traced. He has outgrown the young esthete who kept the reformer subservient to art in "USA" and chosen, with diminishing artistic returns, the corruption of Washington politics for the puttering of his last years. F. Scott Fitzgerald, the barometer of his generation's extremes, cannot be separated in either his life or his work from the time which formed him—its magic glamor, its poverty of faith, and, at the end, its sickness and ruin. In his pursuit of his vision of Paradise, he too found a correlative of art, an instrument for discovering the truth behind the American Dream and the bankruptcy at the heart of the very rich.

But in the years since these men began to write the forces that gave impetus to their development—particularly the forces of disillusionment and denial released by the broken promises of the first war—have declined. The young novelists of the present generation are consequently deprived of that impetus at the same time that their own age and experience offer nothing comparable. They have come through a war even more profoundly disturbing than the first; but the illusions and causes of war, having once been lost, cannot be relost. Their world, ironically enough, is almost the same world their predecessors discovered; but the fundamental discoveries of modern life can be made but once. America is more than ever a machine-dominated, gadget-minded country. There are more Babbitts now than when Sinclair Lewis invented the term and the expatriates shouted it in their battle-cry for freedom, art, and exile; but who cares today to take up that cry, to denounce again with the same fury, or to escape forever into artistic exile?

One aspect of the problem is reflected in the technical differences between the writing of the two wars. Where Hemingway, Dos Passos, and E. E. Cummings (in "The Enormous Room") were from the beginning innovators of new methods—even of a whole new literary language—with which to present the new experience of war, the new war novelists seem, for the most part, incapable of technical discoveries and resigned to working within the tradition handed down to them from the Twenties. One explanation is that the experience of war is no longer new and, consequently, does not require a new method of presentation. Another is that the Lost Generation writers were engaged in a revolution designed to purge language of the old restraints of the previous century and to fit it to the demands of a younger, more realistic time. Idiosyncrasy and defiance were part of their work because the things that had happened to them had happened to no generation before them, and because they were aware of their uniqueness and determined to communicate it to the world.

TODAY that revolution is over. The innovations of Hemingway, as he himself remarked, were "a certain clarification of the language" and are now "in the public domain." The unique has become the ordinary; young writers using the effects of their predecessors are often not even aware that those effects did not belong to our literature until years after many of them were born. The assimilation into the public domain has, in fact, been so complete that what we have now seems a technical conservatism. Certainly, the styles of Norman Mailer, John Horne Burns, Irwin Shaw, Merle Miller, Truman Capote, and Gore Vidal—while they contain overtones of practically everyone from Dos Passos and Hemingway to James T. Farrell—show little evidence of new developments and, with the exception of Capote's and Burns's, do

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—Eric Schaal. —Wide World. —M. Morehouse.

John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, E. E. Cummings, F. Scott Fitzgerald—"Idiosyncrasy and defiance were part of their work because the things that had happened to them had happened to no generation before them."

little to flavor the material they present.

But there has been this change: the single perspective and narrow scope of the World War I novels have given way to huge comprehensiveness in which whole armies and social masses are encompassed. From the individual, neo-romantic hero we have progressed to the multiple-hero or, more correctly, to the subordination of all heroes to the group. Mailer carries an entire army division—from general down to private—through a complex military engagement and then goes back to the beginnings of his characters and sketches them against the background of peace. Burns and Shaw take even more characters through action on three or four continents and months of closely packed experience; and all three manage to pay careful attention to detail and to give the actual texture of the thing described.

This would be achievement indeed if it did not come so often at the expense of insight, form, and power. Taken as a group or singly, the novels of this war simply do not have the impact that those of World War I had —nor, for that matter, do the novels that have been written so far about the aftermath. They are better written, to be sure; they are incomparably better written. Almost any one of them will show fewer lapses and roughnesses than can be found in the best of the earlier group—"A Farewell to Arms," "Three Soldiers," "The Enormous Room." But it is almost as if they had been written too easily and their authors had had too painless an apprenticeship. Their finish is more often that of a machine-made, prefabricated product than of a finely wrought piece of craftsmanship, the sort that can be obtained if more problems are avoided than are met and overcome.

But it is in the material itself with which their novels must be concerned that the new writers face their greatest difficulty. Although they have arrived at the end of the tradition of loss, negation, and revolt, and have known none of its benefits, they have inherited the conditions out of which that tradition emerged. They are finding that modern life is still basically purposeless, that the typical condition of modern man is still doubt, confusion, and fear. But because they have never known life otherwise and were not exposed, as their predecessors were, to the process by which it became as it now is, they can write of it from neither the perspective of protest nor of disillusionment and loss. They are able only to present, to speak the truth of what they see as if it were the only truth. If they have insight into other truths, into values that seem worthy of affirmation, they find themselves confronted with material —the material of life as they know it—that is lacking in affirmative potential. The result has often been an imposition of values from the outside, an assertion of the need for belief upon a background in which belief is impossible.

THE novels of Mailer, Burns, and Shaw are excellent examples of the ways in which this dilemma is revealed in the new war fiction; and the story of Skinner Galt, the hero of Vance Bourjaily's novel, "The End of My Life," illustrates the condition out of which it emerged. Skinner may, in fact, typify the generation that fought this war, the generation that could never be lost because it had never been found.

Born in the Twenties, he is the product of denial even though he has never known the values that were denied. Brought up in the Thirties, he remembers the tragedy of the Depression but not the prosperity which preceded it. Faced with war in the Forties, he knows only that he was taught to be cynical about war and that the books he has read have given a bitter picture of war.

"I want to know about you," Skinner's girl says to him near the novel's close. "What this is doing to you, what all these things have done to you. What you think of yourself. What you're becoming." "That's very easy . . . ," he replies. "I'm becoming dead."

The process by which Skinner becomes dead makes up the burden of his story. There is, at first, his failure of belief in human dignity and justice, then his failure of belief in love, and finally, through a series of tragic events, his failure of belief in himself and in living. And at the end, when he is sent to a military prison for a crime which he could not have avoided, he sums up his answer: "We were war-born. . . . Listen, the war made us. Let the bad joke of the past die decently, along with the clowns who tried to make it funny."

His story then is the story of the "war born," the generation that grew up without a childhood, without values, and with only an inherited disbelief between themselves and ruin. In many ways, it is like a postscript to the story of the Lost Generation. Skinner's arrival at that final state of negation which is as near to death as the living can come is the furthermost evolution of the process which Frederick Henry in "A Farewell to Arms" and John Andrews in "Three Soldiers" began. But Skinner carries their loss beyond loss, to the utmost meaninglessness and futility, and the final cancelation of self.

Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," perhaps the most outstanding novel to come out of this war, contains an attempted protest which is weakened by the absence of affirmative values

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in the characters and experience depicted. It is imperative to Mailer's purpose that the men of his novel be destroyed by the military Fascism of war and that their destruction arise directly out of the action in which they are engaged. But his "Time Machine" portraits—flashback accounts of their civilian backgrounds—show us merely that the lives of the men were more purposeless and futile before the war than they can possibly be made as a result of the war. Poverty and ignorance have been the real instruments of their defeat; the jungle, the weather, the enemy, and the Army hierarchy are, by comparison, incidental. The men, in other words, have had no dignity and no hope of life. They cannot, therefore, be represented as losing either.

THE same can be said of Lieutenant Hearn, the most important character in the book. Hearn is ostensibly broken by General Cummings, the embodiment of Fascism. But he is *represented* as lacking all potentialities for destruction. His problem all along has been one of belief. Like Skinner Galt, he has spent his life drifting from one intellectual position to another, remaining in each just long enough to find the "shoddy motive" which will allow him to abandon it. In the Army he is torn between his obligations to the officers in power and to the enlisted men under him. His initial fascination with Cummings is the result of his inability to resolve these differences; and his conflict with Cummings is the result of Cummings's insistence that he stand on one or the other. It cannot be said, however, that Hearn is compromised by Cummings. If he is compromised at all, it is by his own lack of integrity. The evil of the system which Mailer sets out to attack is demonstrated in its power to break the will of a strong man. But Hearn is not a strong man and cannot, therefore, demonstrate that evil effectively.

Other aspects of the novel's central weakness are revealed at the end in the circumstances of Hearn's death and the slip of command which gave the incompetent Major Dalleson, in the absence of Cummings, the tactical initiative to wipe out the Japanese force on the island and conclude the campaign. Actually, this last should not have occurred at all; for our respect for Cummings—and thus our respect for the danger he represents —is immediately collapsed when we learn that a man like Dalleson can do by chance in a few hours what a man like Cummings, for all his tactical genius, could not do in many months. And once we have lost respect for Cummings, Hearn seems even more purposeless because there is now no justification for the control Cummings had over him. Hearn's death is brought about through the treachery of Sergeant Croft, the enlisted counterpart of Cummings; and if Mailer had left it at that the ironic impact of the situation might still have been saved. But Croft is made ridiculous when he fails to lead his patrol over Mount Anaka. All possibilities for a single dramatic effect are reduced to zero when the men of a patrol find themselves incapable even of despair over the news that the mission on which they had risked their lives had contributed nothing to the success of the campaign.

It may be that such a reduction was intended as emotional residue subordinate to the main point of the novel; but it could not have been intended to constitute the sole point. The fact that it does would indicate that Mailer saw through to the real implications of his material only at the very end and abandoned the groundwork for protest which he had been laying up to then in favor of the inevitable direction his material was taking him. Certainly, the whole does not equal the sum of the brilliant parts; and the resulting half-triumph, half-failure is the more regrettable for having been reached through Mailer's determination to risk all those parts rather than falsify the whole.,

"The Gallery" cannot properly be called a novel. Like Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not," the parts are bound together by little more than their common locale, and the characters are bound together solely by their common experience of war. Like Mailer, Burns goes outside the war and back to the civilian sources of his characters. But where the prewar backgrounds of Mailer's men carried more weight than their reactions to war, Burns emphasizes the reactions and shows the war as an activating agent.

Alternating with the fictional characterizations or "Portraits" in "The Gallery" are the "Promenades"—first-person meditations on the cities of Africa and Italy and on the importance of the values of human dignity, understanding, and love in wartime. It was apparently Burns's intention or his hope that the "Promenades" would knit the "Portraits" together in a unified whole with a single impact. But the conclusions of the "Promenades" are not, for the most part, justified by the experiences described in the "Portraits": Burns may have felt that human dignity, understanding, and love ought to arise out of a war, but they do not arise out of the material with which he deals.

The "Portrait" of Hal, the neurotic lieutenant, may not only exemplify the problem facing Burns but be analogous to the dilemma which the entire book represents. Hal seeks values in a world in which all values have been stripped away; like Burns, he desires them to be implicit; he wants "to seek God directly." But being a product of that world, he has lacked values all his life, lacked even a sense of his own identity. Before the war he had many friends who loved him for the "reflection he gave them back of themselves." People to Hal were all little pieces of himself that he gave away; but in Naples in 1944 he discovered he had nothing left to give. In him the necessity to affirm becomes stronger as the possibilities of affirmation recede, and he requires an understanding of the war that he never required of the relatively less chaotic peace. The result is that he soon crosses over the line separating illusion from delusion and begins to think of himself as a kind of Christ bringing salvation to lost souls. Hal could possibly be cured by learning to accept futility, which is the only answer to the equation of his life; but as his refusal to accept that answer forces him to superimpose an irrational answer, so the same refusal forces Burns to superimpose values that are in excess of the equation of his material.

TO BE sure, not all the "Portraits" end in futility or contradict the thesis of the "Promenades." Louella, the Red Cross worker, discovers decency. Giulia, the pretty Italian girl, discovers love; and even Chaplin Bascom discovers the meaning of sacrifice. But the fact remains that Burns could not depend for his affirmative effect upon the sum of the experience presented in the "Portraits" and had to say in the "Promenades" what his material could not be trusted to say for itself.

"The Young Lions" is a more mature book than "The Naked and the Dead" and a more complete novel than "The Gallery"; yet it shares their common weakness. On the first level, Shaw seems to be making a passionate and deeply humane affirmation of the power of decency and justice to survive and even triumph amid the misery and horror of modern war. Yet if we look closely, it becomes apparent that these values do not arise out of the experience presented in the novel but remain outside and above it. Shaw, like Mailer and Burns, has seen the need for relief, but he has been able to objectify the need only and not the belief itself.

Christian Diestl, the Nazi soldier, is the only character in the book who

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Sizing Up the Comers

HARRISON SMITH

—*From "Art in the Armed Forces."*

"Left on the Beach," by Mitchell Jamieson, USNR.

NINE first novels published in 1948 by American writers have been selected by *The Saturday Review* as the most significant, for diverse reasons, of last year's harvest. In this writer's opinion, with three or four exceptions, the list does not rank with the thirteen books selected at this time last year. There has been no novel about occupied Germany, in this writer's opinion, as sound as David Davidson's "The Steeper Cliff" or Lionel Shapiro's "The Sealed Verdict"; nor any novel of social protest as meritorious as Willard Motley's "Knock on Any Door," nor a novel on education and academic life as promising as Lionel Trilling's "The Middle of the Journey," though we have included a more emotional novel in this category, Ruby Redinger's "The Golden Net," the only one of the nine, incidentally, written by a woman.

Among the war novels, Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" remains a monument to destructiveness and to man's inhumanity to men. No book with its range of characters, its emotional impact, its fierce contempt for human beings, its anarchical conception of any noble cause, its disparagement of any virtue, whether of honor, or kindness, or love, or justice, has been published for many a year. This long novel of the assault and capture of the small Pacific island of Anopopei was grimly ironical, but it had no humor; it was savage without the ameliorating touch of satire; its three hundred thousand words were so many bullets fired into the reader's mind; and yet for months it headed the best-seller lists everywhere. It did not contain a single meritorious character. General Cummings, who commanded the assault, was competent, but Hitler could have used him to the hilt. Admirably and malevolently drawn, he is a monstrosity out of Fascist Germany. He liked, for example, to torture in small ways his subordinates, for his ego fed on creating fear and subservience. He believed that the war was part of the Wave of the Future which would lead to his own advancement through the American conquest of the world. Another brute of the same nature was a tough and competent sergeant in charge of a scouting platoon sent on an exhausting expedition across jungle and mountains to the enemy's rear. The impetus of "The Naked and the Dead" on reviewers and the public alike was so compelling that criticism of minor or major details was crushed. In spite of the proofs offered by the author, it is difficult for the civilian mind, for example, to believe that Army reconnaissance was so much at fault no one knew that the Japanese forces opposing the Americans were a hollow shell, dying of starvation and almost out of ammunition when the attack began. It is hard to believe in the too long and overelaborated description of the agonies suffered by the thirteen men who tried to cross the island. Is it conceivable that as skilled a man as murderous Sergeant Croft, who led it, would have included three sick men in his detail, victims respectively of gonorrhea, a kidney disease, and diarrhea; or that doctors would have refused to examine two of the sickest before they began their gruelling journey? Is it possible that General Cummings would have left the island for a whole day, abandoning the entire expedition to a bewildered and notoriously inefficient major in whom he had no faith? It would seem that Mr. Mailer sacrificed reality to his passion for irony, for it was a jest that the major took the island, folding up the Japanese as if they were made of straw, that the little troop so agonizingly trying to reach the enemy's rear were forgotten, and their whole venture futile and foolish, and finally that Lieutenant Hearne whose manhood and courage the General had destroyed, should be murdered by Sergeant Croft at the moment he was recovering whatever virtues he had possessed.

Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions" may have a more enduring hold on public regard than "The Naked and the Dead." With less unity in space and time and a larger cast of characters, it is affirmative rather than negative. Its multiple scenes, ranging from New York and Hollywood to North Africa and Germany, are tense and crackling with excitement. It provides, not only a tender and believable love story, but the theme of racial injustice. The lonely Jewish boy who is almost beaten to death in barracks by brutal Southerners becomes the hero of the novel. Mr. Shaw's reply to the questions for which other writers have found only dusty answers is that even in the maelstrom of war a man can carve out his true nature, can believe that humanity has some other destiny than to be the slave of chaos and blind fate.

RACIAL hatred, the theme song of so many of last year's writers, lies at the heart of two other Army novels. William Gardner Smith, a young student and part-time journalist, caused a minor sensation when he proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that the Negro troops in occupied Germany found acceptance as human beings and true love among the attractive Nordics with whom they slept. In his "Last of the Conquerors," the colored men from South and North for the first time walked as free men, at least as long as they kept out of sight of the rest of the Army. The Negro troops in Germany were segregated, so that with laughable ease they slipped out of their barracks to spend their nights in the homes of starving and friendly Germans to whom they brought candy and cigarettes. It was the effect on these Americans of the discovery that there was one place on earth where they were treated casually as equals that gives this novel its vitality. In his straightforward

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narrative the author missed a chance for a powerful and stinging satire, though it is inherent in many of his scenes. Two of them are memorable; in one, black Hayes Dawkins is escorted to bed with his beautiful and loving blonde by the girl's aunt and is thoughtfully given a hot water bottle to keep them warm; in another, the returning colored troops crowd the rails of their transport as it enters New York Harbor, to regard the Statue of Liberty with hatred and loathing as if it were the personification of fear and approaching servitude. This novel, a study of the Negro problem in reverse, is written with such warmth and controlled passion that it deserved a better reception from the press; it goes without saying that Southern papers let it severely alone.

John Cobb's novel, "The Gesture," caustically described the disintegration of the morale of an American bomber unit in England, sent out day after day to endure heavy losses because there was no fighter escort. A serious and vocally patriotic major takes command and tries to billet a Negro officer with white men because he thinks that racial discrimination has no place in democracy's armies. The tensity in the relations between men and officers explodes, blowing the major out of his job and to his death, and the fliers out of their private hells. The central figure of "The Gesture" is unlike any other hero in recent war fiction; his job, he believed, was to stay alive, to keep out of trouble and especially out of planes, so that he developed the ingenuity of a cornered animal and contempt for the hardier souls who with a conventionally stiff upper lip flew bravely toward extinction. The novel is centered in the reactions of individuals toward fear and daily peril, and it actually gains a sense of reality from being written in retrospect, as the recollections of a young man who has returned to a comfortable job in New York.

TWO novels published at the beginning of the year won immediate fame. It would be almost impossible to find two authors more dissimilar than Ross Lockridge, Jr., and Truman Capote. The first, an intensely serious man in his early thirties, a kind of Thomas Wolfe in embryo, had spent six years of poverty writing the story of America from 1842 to 1892, in the guise of the complex history of a Middlewestern family. "Raintree County" had all of the stage-settings necessary for the Great American Novel—knowledge of the author's hardship, his vast patriotic and complex theme, the vitality with which he wrote, its inordinate length. But the ingenuity with which it was constructed, flashing backward and forward in time, was infuriating to many readers. It had everything in it, too much of everything; it lacked Wolfe's sense of rhythm, the massive flow of his memorable prose. It had the power both to absorb and irritate the reader; there was an implicit lack of creative balance, of grinding toil in its creation. It remains a novel that one instinctively calls great, an exhausting and wonderful effort toward something that could not be wholly realized. After all, why should one try to tell the story of America in one book? At any rate, it seemed to have exhausted and drained for the time being its creator's mind. It was a shock to everyone, and yet it did not seem wholly unreasonable, when the news reached the front pages of the press that Ross Lockridge had committed suicide. It is too easy to say that American literature will be the poorer for his death; it goes deeper than that, for perhaps he had suffered the knowledge that he was writing out of his time, that our new creative literature is headed toward some other as yet undiscovered goal.

Truman Capote's "Other Voices, Other Rooms" was, as we have said, the antithesis of this lumbering masterpiece. After so many long and bitter theme-novels, it was undiluted pleasure to read a short book that was written with style and virtuosity, composed in a musical and eerie vein. Here was a young man delicately embroidering William Faulkner's old theme of Southern decadence, lightening the morbidity of a nightmare world. Due to the pronouncement of a British critic who had seen the novel in manuscript or proofs, it was famous in literary circles before it was published, and the photograph of Mr. Capote on the jacket, indolent and recumbent, a male Circe, became a *New Yorker* cartoon overnight. But no publisher's horsing around with publicity could destroy the validity of the discovery of a new and original talent.

For erect or recumbent, young Truman Capote can write; his voice alone has been raised in unconscious protest against the monotony of a long series of heavily serious novels, angry books of social protest, of irritated boredom at a world that is imperfect because the men and women who people it are incorrigibly human, half god and half animal, cursed with all of the evils that escaped from Pandora's box. Not that the Capote novel was not grim enough if you looked at it from the cold eyes of the Puritanical reformer of erring humanity, for it was concerned with decadence and the development of homosexuality in a morbid boy. But it was not a case history, not a reformer's book; it was the work of a creative writer who was brilliantly playing with a minor theme. Is this young man's talent enduring, with his short stories and this one novel? Will it be extinguished like the light of a candle on a stormy night? It is impossible to tell, but our guess is he is a child of fortune and that we need him and will cherish him, whatever he writes about.

"At the age of two, I suffered a psychic trauma that impeded the growth of my superego. It was only natural, therefore, that later frustrations led to asocial aggression. . . ."

A CIVIL WAR novel appeared during the year that for many reasons justifies its inclusion in this list. "Woman with a Sword" was historical fiction in the true sense. It did not find flaming romance in war where normal human affection or the quick and

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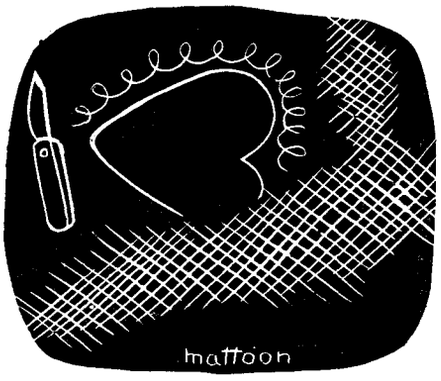
easily satisfied lusts of soldiers is the true pattern of behavior in times of stress. Hollister Noble's heroine was discovered while the author was exploring volumes of Lincoln biography and war history. She was real, a young woman of genius, whose astonishing history had been buried because it could not be admitted ninety years ago that a woman, young or old, could have been an unconventional member of Lincoln's Cabinet, and a brilliant military strategist who had made fools of most of the politicians and generals of the time. To bring this woman to life, to place her accurately where she belonged as a true American heroine was Mr. Noble's difficult task. He succeeded in accomplishing it, and in the process wrote an absorbing novel of the Civil War in which he presents portraits of the great leaders of the North that are as good and as memorable as any in fiction. The novel has a feeling of truth which is not diminished because the reader is not allowed to penetrate Anna Carroll's bedroom, or know the measure of her bust and hips. Considering the public's taste for bedrooms and busts and lascivious doxies in that carefully manufactured, mass-produced product known as historical romance, it is encouraging that "Woman with a Sword" reached the best-seller lists and stayed there longer than one might have expected. It was in its field revolutionary, though it cannot be expected that other writers who know the formula for easy success will see the light.

The two novels that remain are again on opposite poles from each other. In "That Winter" Merle Miller wrote the kind of novel that might have been expected from a brilliant young man, a reporter, journalist, and war correspondent. Gracefully and smartly, it tells the story of what happened to so many of the wise and knowing lads who were drawn to New York after the war and who found themselves with jobs on weekly news magazines where there was a subtle editorial slant, the magnetic attraction of handsome salaries, providing, for example, that the King of Greece, or our policy in China, could be dressed up to weight American opinion toward what is lightly known as the right. Mr. Hemingway's attractive accents can be heard throughout the book, or, lest one accuse the author of copying anyone else, let us admit that the language his sophisticates use may be guaranteed to be the genuine reproduction of living voices. All of his characters drink far too much, and all of them fail, and make their exits in one way or another from the scene. It is not an encouraging book. One of them who had lost an arm in the war



kills himself; another, a Jew who had changed his name, not too convincingly goes back home to enter his father's once despised business. The hero, through whom the author speaks, refuses to dress up the King of Greece, and flees to Florida and a wealthy friend's home to write his novel, this novel, it may be presumed. Mr. Miller keeps his own opinions out of his book; it is fictional reporting almost at its best. But the reader has a right to go a little deeper and to guess that the valiant and bold opinions, expressed that winter so eloquently over so many bottles of whisky, may look as foolish in so many years as a five-year-old newspaper.

The last book on our list, Ruby Redinger's "The Golden Net," should be read by a great many more people than are likely to see it. Its subject is one of the most vital and troublesome of all the problems that face American society. It is about higher education, and the struggle, today a losing battle, between the claims of scholarship and true knowledge against the pressure of wealth and specialized, wage-earning practicality. In trying to humanize this contest, the subject of so much academic writing and debating, the writer has not been wholly successful. Her battlefield is limited to a small Middlewestern college, endowed by a plow manufacturer who literally owns both the college and town that surrounds it. Her proponent for scholarship is a young woman devoted to the majestic genius of William Blake. The intramural jealousies and empty rivalries are brought to a focus by this ardent and somewhat foolish girl. The female students wreak more havoc amongst the teachers than seems reasonable in any well-conditioned institution; inevitably, all of them, including the heroine, are victims of the author's psychoanalytic interpretations of their conduct. None of them, it appears, has been loved enough by his parents. At the end, the college still stands amidst its trees, in spite of the furious romanticism and the complexes that have raged around it.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TO WHOM?

Gerard Mosler, of Forest Hills, L. I., has listed the first lines of twenty famous poems and their authors. Can you tell to whom (or what) the poets had dedicated the poems by naming the title of the poem? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. BLAKE: O thou with dewey locks, who lookest down. . . .
2. BRYANT: Thou blossom bright with autumn dew. . . .
3. BURNS: Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie. . .
4. BYRON: Woman: experience might have told me. . . .
5. CAMPBELL: Triumphal arch, that fills the sky. . . .
6. CAREW: When thou, poor Excommunicate. . . .
7. COWPER: Sweet stream that winds through yonder glade. . . .
8. HERRICK: Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. . . .
9. HOLMES: I love to hear thine earnest voice. . . .
10. JONSON: Drink to me only with thine eyes. . . .
11. KEATS: Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness. . . .
12. LANDOR: Welcome, old friend! These many years. . . .
13. LOCKER-LAMPSON: This Relative of mine. . . .
14. LOVELACE: Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind. . . .
15. LOWELL: Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way. . . .
16. POE: Thou wast all that to me, love. . . .
17. SHELLEY: Hail to thee, blithe spirit. . . .
18. THOMPSON: What heart could have thought you?
19. WHITMAN: Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm. . . .
20. WORDSWORTH: A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by. . . .

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'48's Nine

ROCHELLE GIRSON

APPARENTLY being a successful novelist does not pay—enough anyway. Of the authors interviewed below, all but one made best-seller lists. Like Merle Miller, who emphasizes the economic bogey behind most pens, they find they cannot live by books alone and must dilute their literary drive with at least some drudgery. Norman Mailer seems to be the one exception here. He expects to hold out for three years on proceeds from his novel.

NORMAN MAILER, Harvard degree or no, is not prone to primp in speech or dress. He made his bow to a cortege of silk-tied critics in a rumpled T-shirt. And talk about affirmative values just gives him a three-lettered pain. "It has no meaning. It's a criticism of the man and not the book. You write whatever you have to write, pretty much as an expression of your personality."

The twenty-six-year-old author is in Vermont now finishing a novel he worked on in Paris last year after a GI stretch at the Sorbonne. Since his return last summer he has written a couple of articles and, until the election, was prominent in the pulpit for Henry Wallace. "Yeah . . . uh-huh," he reflects, "if he were running tomorrow, I would still be for him. I think that in the cold-war setup the larger part of the blame has been on our side. In the UN the Russians were outmaneuvered. They always came out looking like dopes. I do think we achieved something: I don't feel that there is going to be a war tomorrow—as I did a year ago."

But he doesn't believe in message novels. "If a man has a message he is going to put it in in one way or another. Spelling it out is a mistake because I don't think any mountains are moved that way. 'The Naked and the Dead' was an anti-war novel. I didn't write it to move people but because I wanted to write it."

As an undergraduate he wrote for the Crimson's *Advocate*, and in 1941 won *Story*'s college contest. "I would kinda like to write for the movies sometime," he says, recalling a film—surrealist because without props that was easier—he once made for $50 at home in Brooklyn Heights. He thinks, obviously, that it's a very poor policy just to indicate obscenity. "If you do, every time it comes up it has a kind of phoney force—shock. My feeling was that after the first twenty or thirty pages the reader wouldn't notice it any more."

IRWIN SHAW asked himself in 1935, when he was twenty-three: "What would happen if dead soldiers should rise and protest the ceaseless carnage?" On that question he based his one-act drama "Bury the Dead," called "the most tormenting play of the year." He entered the Army in 1942 as a private. Later he said, "I never had the feeling that wars would stop. I only wanted to make sure we fought on the right side." Which, in a way, is the thesis of "The Young Lions," his first novel after thirteen years' writing for slick magazines, Hollywood, and the theatre.

"The Gentle People," produced by the Group Theatre, with which he was active in the Thirties, was also a hit, but others—"Salute," "Siege," "Retreat to Pleasure," and "The Assassin"—had rough going with the critics. In retort to the mauling the last-named received, Mr. Shaw—normally an affable, high-spirited fellow—expressed himself volcanically in the preface to the play's published volume. Although he was regarded as an excellent critic during the year or so he covered Broadway for the *New Republic*, it is not thought that he was reckless with praise.

For ten years he has contributed regularly to *The New Yorker*, where he has an office and which originally published perhaps his most famous short story, "Act of Faith," title of a 1946 collection. He began writing in high school, and at Brooklyn College divided his extracurricular energies between football, tennis, plays, and radio dramatizations of "The Gumps" and "Dick Tracy."

Right now he is vacationing in Sun Valley, Idaho. He'll leave for Europe in April for six months on assignments from *Holiday* and *The New Yorker*. Meanwhile he has been working on another novel and a new play. He's not telling what they're about.

WILLIAM GARDNER SMITH, home on furlough, was brutally beaten in a night club in Philadelphia, America, by a group of sailors who objected to his being with a girl whom they mistook for white. "Kill him! Kill him!" was the cry. In Germany he and other Negro members of the Occupation were invited into "Aryan" homes. "Many Germans," he explains, "never followed the *Herrenvolk* line. With many others defeat brought the end of delusion. The only American Negroes the Germans knew were Robeson, Anderson, Owens, and so on. They respected them. There were many intermarriages."

He claims no bitterness, but the irony of it did inspire "The Last of the Conquerors," finished before he was twenty. Although the book has been a best seller and is under option for Broadway production, he works as a reporter Saturdays to help pay his way through Temple University, where he is a junior majoring in economics and philosophy. Before the war he refused scholarships to Howard and Lincoln, believing at age sixteen that he could learn more about writing by being a journalist. He got a newspaper job and wrote nights, a routine he still follows. He says he needs little sleep, and endless cups of black coffee and cigarettes keep him from changing his mind.

Another novel, not on the race theme, has been drafted for Farrar, Straus, and he has a third in mind—but that will wait until he has done "a lot more studying and reading."

To aspiring Negro authors he says,

—*John Popper.*

Norman Mailer

—*John Engstead.*

Irwin Shaw

—*Erich Hartmann.*

William Gardner Smith

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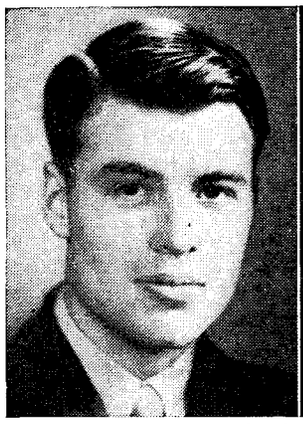
"Don't preach. Colored writers, understandably, pour too much of themselves into the things they write; they seem to shout, and nothing is accomplished by shouting."

JOHN COBB, when asked when he was going to write another novel, said, "I don't know. I wrote about the only thing I knew." Unwilling to turn subjective and write about his own neuroses, if any, he is not deliberately looking for more material, and of late has been mostly interested in just seeing more of the country. He is apt to turn up in California, Oregon, Wyoming, or Florida, work for a while and push on. Right now he hopes to get a job in Jacksonville, where he lived until he was twelve, when his family moved to Princeton, N. J.

He was born in Atlantic City in 1921, attended Phillips Exeter Academy and Princeton University. In 1942 he joined the USAAF, was commissioned a second lieutenant, and served as navigator in the Eighth Air Force. After completing his tour he was assigned to Air Transport Command, flying to Africa, India, and Okinawa. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

While at Columbia on the GI Bill he wrote "The Gesture." He started a stage adaptation of the novel, then abandoned it because it made him want to re-do the entire book. He has written a number of other plays—and torn them up. To save confusion with his father, John C. Cooper, Jr., also an author, he uses Cobb as a pen name.

Yes, the boys in the Air Force talked like those in the South Pacific, but Mr. Cobb felt that a phonographic recording of smut would be extraneous, that it would distract from what he was trying to say. "I think that it's all right for a punch line, but if it comes in the middle of dialogue it detracts attention—causes an emotional block. Emphasis comes harder from the printed page than in conversation. It doesn't give an accurate impression of the person and in that sense isn't very realistic."



—*Bachrach.*

John Cobb

Ross Lockridge, Jr.

—*Fred Melton.*

Truman Capote

Hollister Noble

Helen Hewett.

Ruby Redinger

Merle Miller

ROSS LOCKRIDGE, JR., on March 7, 1948, seemingly had everything a thirty-three-year-old writer could desire: He had won the MGM novel award of $150,000 for "Raintree County," his first book, with a possibility of $275,000 more. He had a beautiful wife and four small children. They had bought a new home in Bloomington, Indiana, where he was born, attended Indiana University, and taught. Six years' incessant labor was over.

He had wanted to be an author since childhood, when his father, onetime head of the Public Speaking Department at Indiana University, frequently arranged excursions to famous shrines so that the boy might declaim historic words where the events occurred.

In 1933-34 he attended the Sorbonne on a scholarship. While abroad he traveled in France, Switzerland, Italy, and England. "Graduating in the middle of the depression-ridden and proletarian Thirties," one account reads, "he somehow managed to remain almost entirely insulated from the ideologies and social convulsions of his time." After his M.A. at Indiana he continued to study languages —seven in all, ancient and modern. An epic poem he had been working on while at Harvard on a scholarship was turned down for publication. Disappointed, he left Cambridge in 1941 to teach at Simmons College, Boston, and write "Raintree County." He was deferred from war service and, the account continues, "devoted to family, novel, and teaching, these years passed in a curious tranquility."

On March 7, 1948, Ross Lockridge, Jr., died—a suicide.

TRUMAN CAPOTE, whose new collection of short stories, "A Tree of Night," will be published February 28, says, "All I want to do is tell the story, and sometimes it's best to choose a symbol. I wouldn't know a Freudian symbol as such if you showed it to me." He is largely self-educated, entirely self-possessed, and now twenty-four tells of having lived as a child with a posse of cousins and elder kin in "this terribly isolated place" near New Orleans, a locale not unlike that in "Other Voices, Other Rooms." It had a wonderful library and at ten he was madly in love with Willa Cather, Flaubert, and Proust.

He spent five months when fifteen tap dancing on a Mississippi pleasure boat and used to amuse himself painting imaginary flowers on glass, a hobby he later converted into considerable cash. As protege of a Southern fortune-teller he developed "a marvelous intuition—a kind of secret knowledge." Seven years ago he came to New York, got a job on *The New Yorker* as assistant accountant, confessed the next day he couldn't subtract, and was transferred to the art department, where he unwrapped cartoons. He offered ideas to the Talk of the Town, selected anecdotes for a digest magazine, read film scripts. *Story* magazine discovered him; his "Miriam" in *Mademoiselle* was included in the O. Henry Memorial Award volume; the critics (especially Cyril Connolly) became ecstatic. He now publishes very few stories, quite a few articles, and "places them well."

On February 25 he sails for Europe

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to begin two years' concentration on a new novel. "I haven't any milieu," he says. "When people say Truman Capote is a Southern writer, I merely find it irritating." The Capote is Spanish, the Truman no relation to Harry.

HOLLISTER NOBLE found unraveling the Strange Case of Anna Ella Carroll, his "Woman with a Sword," one of the most exciting adventures of his life. "Like many young newspapermen, I had vague hankerings to tackle fiction," he says, "but there were too many contradictory interests": music criticism for the *New York Sun*, freelancing for *The New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, *The New Yorker*, managing editorship of *Musical America*, publicity for CBS, war service as captain in the Marine Corps, then feature editorship in the New York Overseas Bureau of OWI, and, between times, voyages with freighter and passenger-line crews all over the world.

A casual reference by Carl Sandburg to his Civil War heroine and an 1891 biography of her changed all that. He quit his job and drove 12,000 miles around the country digging into forgotten history. A rich cache was right in his home town, Auburn, N. Y.

"Much history needs to be completely rewritten," he says. "The modern researcher, armed with the knowledge now available to us, can find many similar cases and crucial periods and events almost totally ignored by prominent historians. Personally, I'd like to see the modern novel concern itself more with the forces and conflicts that confront individuals today, and I would like to see the historical novel occupy itself less with mere incidents and events than with the effect these happenings of the past had upon the protagonists of the story."

He is forty-eight, lives in Sherman Oaks, Calif., is crazy about dogs and railroads, paints a little and, when moody, plays mournfully on an accordion. He won't say much about a new book he's started except that "it's another chapter of hidden history of a rather startling nature."

MERLE MILLER delivered his next novel to Sloane the day he talked for this sketch. It's about the loyalty probe in Washington, where he was correspondent for the *Philadelphia Record* after graduation from the London School of Economics. "I am trying to write about my generation," he says, "people born after the last war, brought up in depression, fighting a new war, and returning to find that people are talking about a third."

His first poem was published when he was eight. He was considered a bright boy in Marshalltown, Iowa, a big man at Iowa State University, which, albeit, refused him a sheepskin because he refused military training. "I got it later." During the war he founded and edited the Pacific edition of *Yank* and was the first editor of *Yank*'s Continental Edition. Out of his experiences overseas he wrote "Island 49," "We Dropped the A-Bomb," and an unfinished play, on which he is again working.

He was with *Time* briefly, became managing editor of a stillborn magazine project, is now an assistant editor of *Harper's*, working part time. "A guy has to find some way of making a living that interferes as little as possible with his writing—preferably one that does not use his writing talents." "That Winter," which was a best seller for four months, netted about $10,000, but it took two years to write. The new book took eighteen months. "How could you live three and a half years on $10,000?"

Miller is average height with a sensitive, alert face, casual manner, and rich voice, none of which bar him from frequent television appearances. He is active with Americans for Democratic Action, United World Federalists, and the AVC, but "the worst thing I think I could do would be to try to be a reformist through fiction."

RUBY REDINGER agrees that thirty-four might be considered young to be chairman of the department of philosophy at Fenn College in Cleveland (where she has spent most of her life), but "they're used to me by now." She started teaching it as an emergency measure during the war while conducting literature courses and in 1946 turned over to it completely.

Personally, she's "quite eclectic," not leaning to one philosopher more than another. "I have a tremendous admiration for Plato, but I am not a Platonist. I was definitely a negativist when younger, and I don't feel complacently optimistic about things in general today. One's own philosophy is a matter of personal expression. I'm trying to make philosophy as real as possible to the students. It's quite a challenge."

She got her Ph.D. at Western Reserve on Jonathan Swift, has published an article on him in *American Scholar* and another on the short story in the new edition of Encyclopedia Americana. While teaching admittedly saps her energy, she finds it more valuable to do creative work daily—"in the end it enriches writing." Sometimes she writes all night, sometimes week ends. "I think any book is inevitably autobiographical, but 'The Golden Net' is objective as far as characters and situations are concerned." She hopes to finish her second novel next summer. It will be quite different, dealing with non-intellectuals.

In her painting she sticks chiefly to still life ("I'm definitely an amateur"), in her writing principally to portraying people. "I expect to wait a good while before writing a philosophical novel," she says. "I think it's a mistake to aim too high. I'll just write as the ideas come. Good ones are rather rare."

Morning in Ice

By Louis Ginsberg

NOW jacketed with burnished spells,
Flashes each wall and pole and fence,
As festivals of icicles
Dramatize the magnificence.

As if to fete each fence and bough,
What fable has escaped from Time?
What crystal myth has wandered now
Out of some immemorial rhyme?

And celebrating with the sleet
This beauty almost blinding sight,
With branches, blazing in the street,
Trees are archangels, thinking light.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 294

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 294 will be found in the next issue.

ZLVYF GVEHVXZBDUK

IBCCFC UMABZRG BYKUMEY

OLRGL BXF TAVOA, FMILFER-

YZRGBUUK, BY ZLF YZBZFUK

LVEFY VH FAQUBAC.—

NRXQRARB OVVUH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 293

Arrogance, pedantry, and dogmatism are the occupational diseases of those who spend their lives directing the intellects of the young.
—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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Fiction. *Though there are an increasing number of fine novels coming from Canada and Australia, no one could have guessed two years ago that the first of the British Dominions to attain a high rank in creative literature would be South Africa. It began with Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country," by far the best novel last year. This week we are reviewing a brilliant novel by a South African woman, Elizabeth Charlotte Webster's "Ceremony of Innocence," based on a universal theme, religious hypocrisy. Vera Brittain's novel of a frustrated generation, "Born 1925," and MacKinlay Kantor's tale of the days when the West was wild, "Wicked Water," are also highlights.*

Champagne in a Chalice

CEREMONY OF INNOCENCE. By Elizabeth Charlotte Webster. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

I HAVE no doubt that there will be some, perhaps even many, who will be so affronted by the iconoclasm of "The Ceremony of Innocence" that they will be put completely off it, will condemn it as profane and heretical, and me as the very Devil's advocate for urging it upon you. If so, they will be the ones who tend to accept their religion as a rigid and highly idealized mythology, who believe that the cleric has made the transition from man to saint by a simple sartorial process, and who, having envisioned a Hell from which laughter is excluded, would be startled to hear it in Heaven. To them I hereby extend a true Christian pity: they will be missing a damned (as they would put it) good book.

As for any arrangement I may have made with the Devil, I will say only that I hold with the gentleman who said to Don Quixote: "I am more inclinable to read books that are profane than those of devotion, if they be such as yield an innocent amusement, and are agreeable for their style, and surprising for their invention . . ."

Except for the fact that I do not consider "The Ceremony of Innocence" to be essentially profane, that is a fair description of this enchanting novel. Miss Webster's style is, however, more than merely agreeable, the amusement which she so richly provides is less artless and bland than the word "innocent" would suggest, and her invention is not only surprising, but an act of downright daring, undertaken with extraordinary composure. The result is a delicious, audacious, truly civilized, and altogether wonderful book: champagne served in a chalice, stirred with a cinnamon stick. If it has the sound of heresy, it is a devout and salubrious one, and only a dull eye will fail to see the deep religiousness, at once militant and humble, which underlies the stinging wit and relentless irony. Miss Webster's brilliant anger is turned not against true religion or honest piety, but against the hypocrisy and professional holiness which so often inhabit the cloth, and which, incidentally, the Man of Galilee held in such blazing contempt.

The story takes place largely in an Anglo-Catholic convent in Geldersburg, South Africa, the rest-home of the Order of St. Serapha of Sicily. Since prostitution was a sad commonplace in the town, the good nuns of Olivemount had valiantly decided to come to close grips with the enemy by providing a shelter, a sort of soiled-dove-cote, as it were, on Schreiner Street for the fallen women of Geldersburg Reef.

> Sister Josephine, Superintendent of the . . . Home, collected prostitutes as a philatelist collects postage stamps; but, her psychological powers being limited, she was rarely able to distinguish between one specimen of the fallen and another. Sister Lillian's judgment was equally confused. When you fell, you fell; there was no sliding scale. It was all the same if the lapse were the first or the five hundredth, although the Lord doubtless granted clemency in cases of rape.

Into this humming atmosphere of militant chastity and tireless zeal came Sibyl, a young novice from England, to immerse herself in the life of the Order and determine the extent of her vocation. Outwardly a quiet, devout, and generally unremarkable young woman, Sibyl (Miss Webster has deftly used the perfect euonym) began to evidence strange, and somewhat disconcerting, spiritual powers. Sibyl, it seemed, was *clairvoyante*. She knew in advance how many eggs would be gathered by Sister Lillian from the Convent hennery; she foretold to the penny how much would be taken in at the Hostel Bazaar; she knew what the Mother Superior was thinking, and calmly told her. When she healed an incurable spastic the Geldersburg press hailed a modern miracle and the ailing populace beseiged the Convent gates. And when, on an errand of mercy with Sister Lillian, she met Tèarlach Heriot, a roistering Scottish writer, she told him quite simply they would meet again.

One day, quite imperturbably, she announced that she was with child. It would be a boy, she told the Mother Superior, and he would grow to be a very great man; his advent had been destined; she had simply been obedient to a Will which was not to be questioned. And that day the Convent was thrown into a turmoil from which it never recovered. Later, on a cold June evening, three figures moved toward a lonely cottage on the veld. They are Father Nicholas, a wise, kind, and truly good man; the Reverend Bucklethwaite, an exuberant young curate, and Johnson Mgbasha, a humble native houseboy. Sheep were huddled in little clumps on the veld, and the stars were very clear and bright in the sky. Mgbasha was carrying a little box of odd gifts. As they neared the cottage they could hear the cattle stirring in the byre. When they entered the room "Johnson Mgbasha opened his multi-colored blanket and, falling upon his knees, laid down the box of strange gifts and placed his forehead upon the ground. The mother smiled and the child held out his arms."

These are the closing lines of this tender, astringent, angry, and reverent novel. I have of necessity scanted the telling of the novel, and the tendency to quote, which is almost irresistible, has cost me considerable forebearance. I trust that by doing so I have only postponed the pleasure that you and a great many other people will have in reading it. There has not been a book like this in a long while and there may not be one like it for some time to come. There will not be another book by the author of "The Ceremony of Innocence." It was written during a long illness and, two weeks after it had received a literary award in South Africa, Elizabeth Webster died. I had never heard of her before and I know almost nothing about her. I do know that she was an original and valid artist, and I am dismayed that she cannot write aga-

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Adventurer in Life

THE FIRES OF SPRING. By James A. Michener. New York: Random House. 1949. 495 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN HORNE BURNS

—*Hal McIntosh.*

"James A. Michener is out to bag bigger game."

LAST year Mr. Michener won the Pulitzer Prize for a book unpretentiously titled "Tales of the South Pacific." Unlike many recent war novels, which aim to effect a nuclear fission in the reader's consciousness, this delightful work concerned itself with the trivia of war—a nurse conking an ensign with a coconut, some officers promoting Christmas whisky for their mess. Like "Mister Roberts" it made a good deal out of boredom and unheroic themes. Mr. Michener was avowedly reporting; he made no pretense at that analysis and characterization which distinguish the novelist from the journalist. His "Tales" will probably remain a quiet minor classic.

But in this new novel Mr. Michener is out to bag bigger game. The poetic title suggests that passionate search after values characteristic of the best American writing. Perhaps it's more difficult to portray an adult convincingly in a novel, but we can't quarrel with a writer on what he sets out to do—only on how he does it. The maturing of a boy, the beauty of youth are valid fictional themes. We reach for "The Fires of Spring" with our minds saturated by Melville, Huck Finn, and Thomas Wolfe. We read the second novel of a promising writer with a peculiar sportsmanlike relish: will he or will he not clear that second hurdle?

This is the story of a Pennsylvania boy named David Harper. He grows up in a poorhouse superintended by his Aunt Reba, who talks like a drunken Amish woman. He makes friends with all the pitiful toothless old men. Too sensitive to face an unhappy ending to any story—and this, our author tells us, is a sign of puerility—David even in grade school rewrites the story of the Trojan War, in verse. He wears the castoff clothes of one Harry Moomaugh.

He goes to work in an amusement park called Paradise, where loganberry juice is sold and the customers are constantly being smashed up on a roller coaster. A girl, Norah, initiates him into the mysteries of love in a tunnel of the same name. She's the first of a brace of odious Bad ·en. David becomes adept at ·nging the customers, under of a snipe called Max up throughout this novel, each time as a more successful mobster. David falls in love with John Philip Sousa's vocalist, Mary (later Mona) Meigs. This materialistic girl hounds him throughout the book, going down the ladder of degradation after she fails to crash Hollywood. Unfortunately we never feel the slightest sympathy for Mona—or for any other woman in this novel.

Next David goes to a college called Fair Dedham, where there's a surprising amount of violence for any institution run by the Quakers. Anyway, David's interest shifts from mathematics to literature and history under the influence of a faculty as damp as anything outside of Tennyson's "Princess." He conducts adolescent arguments on Communism and capitalism with his friend, the "wiry Bostonian," Joe Vaux. Meanwhile Mona has been sharing the studio couch of a Russian conductor, who commits suicide out of sheer jealousy for David's youth and virility. Here David starts giving Mona the handouts that see her from one crisis to the next.

One summer David joins a traveling theatre party, the last of the Chatauquas; Mona as leading lady is mistress of the broken-down ham who heads the troupe. These thespians are almost all diamonds-in-the-rough and devote much of their energy to marrying off two midgets, forty and forty-three inches high, respectively. And this journey-motif gives Mr. Michener an excuse to take us all over the United States, pumping in plenty of that atmosphere which is found in Frank Capra, or foggily referred to as The American Dream. David gets his first inklings of maturity by saving some of the audience as the Big Top under which they act nightly goes up in flames. But in order to experiment with growing up David has left Marcia Paxson, a Quakeress, to her fate. That fate is a loveless marriage with Harry Moomaugh. Throughout the novel, however, David and Marcia keep meeting to point up for us the distinction between Sacred and Profane Love.

David now falls prey to the newest of the great American ambitions. You guessed it: he wants to be A Writer. He gets the necessary discipline by working in Greenwich Village for a publishing mill that turns out sexy or Western pulps. Here we meet the third case history for "Modern Woman: The Lost Sex" in the person of Alison Webster. She works for a glossy fashion magazine uptown and hasn't much time for David because he makes only $24 a week. All these bright young people flop at the boarding house of a salty character named Mom Beckett, a fat part obviously tailored for Miss Marjorie Main. Mom calls people "pismires." There's also a poet, Claude—Mr. Michener tells us he's America's greatest—, who spends most of his creative time in Mom's kitchen making Chinese stews, or coming out with shy-making remarks about the breasts of Manhattan, meaning the skyscrapers. Nothing like *him* since Bodenheim. Finally David Harper knocks himself out trying to write The Great American Novel (yes, this glittering generality still exists, in fiction) and is nursed back to health by a jolly WPA worker, a Mrs. Allegri. Marcia, who has been stalking him for 500 pages, gets her divorce from Harry Moomaugh. David and she get hitched orthodoxly at a Quaker service. On the last page husband and wife are shivering because the World War II has begun.

This bald summary of "The Fires of Spring" doesn't do justice to the texture of it. Most of the writing is brilliant high-school stuff. Not since "The Story of Mrs. Murphy," another jumbo job, have we been treated to such soggy prose. Although they went out with Hemingway, conversations are introduced by "sneered she" and "quipped he." We are warned of sparkling talk, only to read pages of embarrassing dialogue. There are syntactical triumphs, such as "she lay down her chalk." Mr. Michener seems to have relied more upon his notebook than upon his intuition or sense of craftsmanship. His characterization is limited to tag phrases,

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The World. *The twelve years during which the shadow of Adolf Hitler darkened the continent of Europe profoundly altered the thinking as well as the lives of millions of human beings in every part of the world. During this period many Americans became willing to drop their century-old distrust of Britain and discussed the possibility of a closer union of the English-speaking peoples—even a political alliance. While Edgar W. McInnis's and J. H. S. Reid's "English-Speaking Peoples" (reviewed below) propounds no such program, it does delineate, with originality and perception, the essential unity of those who share common traditions and institutions. . . . Odd Nansen's "From Day to Day" (another book reviewed this week) is a brilliant and harrowing diary, with pictures, by an inmate of a Nazi concentration camp, revealing one of the most terrible effects of Hitler's inquity.*

Unity in Diversity

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. By Edgar W. McInnis and J. H. S. Reid. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 513 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE originality of this book lies in its subject matter. There are plenty of general histories and textbooks on the history of established nations, of cultural or political areas like Europe, of Western civilization, and even of *homo sapiens*. And there is a great deal of talking and writing about the English-speaking peoples, on their role in the world today, on the desirability or undesirability of their union. But no one has yet written a history which traces the story of the political units divided by the world war we call in this country the American Revolution.

Professors McInnis and Reid are at present teaching in Canada; the first is a native of the Maritime provinces, and was educated at Toronto and Oxford; the second is a Glaswegian educated in Scotland and in Canada. Both, of course, know their United States at first hand. Here is a characteristic Canadian background, and an admirable preparation for the job these historians have undertaken. They are aware—though they do not here say so as explicitly as some Canadians have recently—of the great role Canada has played, and of the greater one she may yet play, as an intermediary between the United States and Great Britain.

Their book is not in any sense propaganda for Anglo-American union, or for Anglo-American world hegemony. They are convinced, however, that they are writing the history of something real, even though for nearly two centuries there has been no single political unit on which the historian can focus. Their title suggests an obvious but unimportant unity. Beyond language, beyond the diversity of environments, beyond the accidents of the history they narrate, they find a unity in diversity, a unity of "traditions and institutions" which have been adapted to new conditions overseas, but never wholly lost.

Their text perhaps emphasizes the diversity more than the unity. They are not, however, writing "sociological history," not attempting an analytical study of what makes the English-speaking peoples a reality, a fact in the world of human relations. Had they been Germans, and not members of this English-speaking community, they would undoubtedly have philosophized at length on the problem of the existence of an English-speaking community, organism, or soul. As it is, they go ahead with their narrative untroubled by problems which, perhaps, ought not to concern historians anyway.

This is excellent, straightforward political, social, and economic history, centered mainly on Britain, the United States, and Canada since 1689, but with the rest of the English-speaking peoples adequately considered, written rather in terms of movements, policies, political decisions, concrete environmental pressures, and group psychologies than in terms of personalities and intrigues. If you are looking for gossip or even for biography, this is not the book for you.

It is the fashion in literary circles to fasten terms like "academic" or "textbook" on this kind of history, with intent to damn. One suspects that Professors McInnis and Reid would accept these terms without worrying over the pejorative intent of those who use them. There is a place, a very useful place, for this sort of generalized, balanced history. How much better it is than those grab-bag textbooks of cultural history that gather specimens of all human activity, books in which the worn historian has to pretend an interest in art, letters, philosophy, science, technology, landscape architecture, and archery, books in which for lack of space or lack of skill everything and everybody is dismissed with an epithet, preferably well-worn! Our authors spare us the "ethereal Shelley" and the "sweet-voiced Keats."

Crane Brinton, author of "The United States and Britain," among other books, is professor of history at Harvard.

Mathematicians

By Fred Lape

WITH love that is strong as the flesh love
mathematicians love their minds' creations.
Beautiful as a face an equation worked out
in the white clarity of proportion.
And stronger the spell of the unsolved problem,
the symbols running like music over their minds.
Up to the face of death the passion holds them:
the young Galois scribbling algebra notes
all the night long, scrawling on the margin,
No time . . . no time . . . and going out
in the morning to be shot; and Gauss an old man
seeing behind his darkening eyes the answers
waiting.

They see cleanly, they can chart time
and events, they can trace the space curves,
but themselves points on the curves they plot.
The events move, and the men are mortal.

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like "the hairy-chested fellow" or "the lovely tense girl." And as in "The Saxon Charm" no pains are spared to improve the reader's mind. There's much talk of music—"glorious sounds." Beethoven's last quartets are dragged in by all sixteen strings. Stokowski imparts a golden nimbus to the cultural program. And David Harper, the hero, is an incredible dunce; we are told constantly of his wonderful brain, yet he gets tied up in situations a cretin would eschew.

The first fifty pages of "The Fires of Spring" are quite touching. After these it explodes into what may charitably be called a phony. Do we hear the West Coast bidding?

John Horne Burns, author of "The Gallery," has a new novel, "Lucifer with a Book," scheduled for March publication.

Wild West Bad Man

WICKED WATER. By Mackinlay Kantor. New York: Random House. 1949. 216 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

THE cow-country West is at once the most and the least written about aspect of American life—the least written about, in a serious sense, in part because of the volume of absurdity that gets into print. It is only once in a while that a Walter Van Tilburg Clark, a Conrad Richter, or a Mackinlay Kantor sits down to write us a story about the West which necessarily becomes a story of the strange ways of the human heart and mind, and the strange and sometimes pathetic terms on which men and women must contrive to live.

Mr. Kantor's new novel is primarily a novel about a bad man which draws obviously upon the life of Tom Horn, who was hanged in Cheyenne in 1903. It is interesting, however, less as the story of the downfall of a hired killer than as a study in dark and complex motivations. Bus Crow is a villain in the good old Western convention, a big-boned, dark-faced, restless-eyed young man who likes to kill, who has chalked up sixty-seven dead men, and who puts away seven more before the novel has run its course. It is not this violence, nor even the social situation that spawns it, the war for survival between Pearl County's big cattlemen and the honest nesters and small-time rustlers, that engrosses Mr. Kantor. Why and how, he wants to know, is Bus Crow a killer, whence the sadistic impulse in him? We are made to see the roots of his behavior sunk deep in his childhood; the wounds of his childhood well up through the fabric of his adult life to soak it continually in sorrow, savage delight, hatred, and blood.

"Wicked Water" is the story also of Mattie MacLaird, a woman not quite "respectable" but less than predatory, who pretends to be twenty-five and would like to be thought younger still, a blonde with hard blue eyes, loose and tender mouth, and, especially where scamps are concerned, over-generous impulses. In some respects she is the most interesting figure in the novel, for much more than Bus Crow, the deceptively easy-going manhunter, Speedy Rochelle, or the townsfolk of Pearl City, she exemplifies the anguished irreconcilables that are the warp and woof of human existence. More powerfully than by erotic impulse, she is moved by her maternal inclinations, and in pity for the boy who has been, she can give her body to the man he has become. Even when she knows him for a murderer, the boy can still interdict betrayal of the man. In the end it is Mattie in her tragic dilemma who is the most compelling figure of the novel.

Not the best novel that has been written about the West, and not quite on a level with Mr. Kantor's best work, being underkeyed and a little mechanical in some of its contrivances, "Wicked Water" is still an interesting and honest piece of writing that leaves the reader with something to think about.

—From the jacket of "Wicked Water."

Values & Values

BORN 1925. By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 320 pp. $3.50.

THE BIG BARBECUE. By Dorothy B. Hughes. New York: Random House. 1949. 310 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

MISS BRITTAIN'S new novel is the story of a generation. In the person of Adrian Carbury, son of an idealistic English clergyman, we meet the generation which was jolted by World War II into a somewhat questionable adulthood. It was an adulthood based on insecurities, born of anxieties and unpredictables, rather than of stability, and it had to fight its way to maturity.

In Adrian's case, we have a history of the peculiar relationship existing between a father raised in rich, certain times, convinced of the futility and outrage of war by his soldiering in World War I, and a son whose frame of experience leads him to accept as inevitable the unrest and perpetual crisis which characterize his youth. With all the cruelty of adolescence, Adrian rebuffs the passionate interest and ambitious devotion of that kindly man who learns sadly what is, perhaps, the lesson of many parents: revolutionary to their own fathers, they are reactionary to their children. Though Adrian emerges at last to a maturity which recognizes the value of his father's perilous crusade against war, though he comes to understand him more and more as he plays his own role in the Second World War, the lesson is a hard one and is learned, characteristically, and, perhaps inevitably, a little too late. Adrian is to achieve his peace, we learn, after his father's death, through the stars, in the study of whose schemes and laws he has known, since childhood, the only constant order in an apparently disorderly universe.

Miss Brittain's book is a serious and earnest endeavor to examine the problems of a frustrated generation and to present, in the characters of her liberal minister and his son, the cleavage in thought and temperament which arise as a result of their respective eras. Unfortunately, her book moves too slowly to be effective, (when it moves at all!), for her characters have a tendency to analyze themselves and each other out of existence. We get the feeling of having read a treatise rather than a novel. There is too much speech-making, too much hymn-singing, too much

(*Continued on page 49*)

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Norwegian in Nazi Camp

FROM DAY TO DAY. By Odd Nansen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1949. 485 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

ODD NANSEN, the author of this grim and harrowing diary of life in various German concentration camps, is the architect son of the famous Norwegian Arctic explorer and humanitarian Fridtjof Nansen, the man who brought help to thousands of displaced persons after the First World War by the creation of the "Nansen passport." The son was arrested by the Nazis as a "court hostage" in early 1942. How he lived "from day to day" in several prisons and camps he has recorded with more detail than can be found in any other concentration camp diary, and with a great deal of insight into the terrifying methods of the SS and the ghastly mind of the German sadists who shot, hanged, and gassed so many of Mr. Nansen's good friends. (Eugen Kogon's "The State of the SS," shortly to be published in this country, will perhaps be the only book giving an even more accurate picture of concentration camps run by the Nazis.)

Mr. Nansen began his diary when he was arrested and kept it up for nearly three and a half years. He wrote it in a very small hand on the thinnest of paper and it could be read only with the help of a magnifying glass. It was partly smuggled out of the camps, partly it was hidden in the inside of boards that served for cutting the bread rations of the author and his friends. (An ingenious device, as anybody will admit who has kept a diary in a prisoners-of-war camp, as has this reviewer.)

The book is less a personal record than it is crowded with stories of the men who ran the camps and their victims who were killed off after they had become live corpses. Odd Nansen, however, does not hide any of his feelings. In 1942, when in a camp near Oslo, he admits that the prisoners lived better than the people outside because they received so many food packages. He was allowed to work in an office and to design bridges. Many of his own countrymen despised the Jews in the camp and treated them like animals. The Germans were even worse. After a discussion with one of the guards, Mr. Nansen says: "God help the German people. God help us all."

Later he was sent to a mountain camp, where he had to work hard for the Organisation Todt. When he was sent back to Grini camp, he was even put into a penal gang. The Germans had now become convinced that he was an "intellectual, a humanist, a Jew lover." And they treated him accordingly. But Odd Nansen did not give up hope of being released and of returning to his wife and children. The name of his father, he thought, might still work wonders. In 1943, however, he was shipped to the ill-famed annihilation camp Sachsenhausen near Berlin.

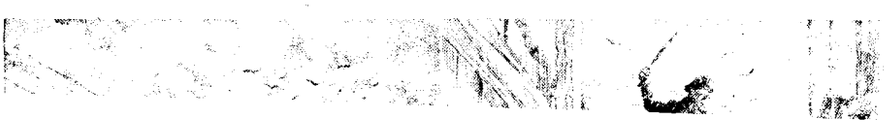
More people, about five million, were burned in the crematories of Auschwitz and Birkenau, but Sachsenhausen too was hell.

> It is impossible [he writes] to form any picture of the evil revealed here. Human comprehension and imagination fall short. There are no words left to describe the horrors I've seen with my own eyes.

It has been described before in several German books but never with such clarity and awareness of the fact that the writer did not suffer as much as the others; he was a member of the elite. He was an "Aryan and a Norwegian," and he was permitted to receive parcels of food and cigarettes from home. He shared much of it with many of the 17,000 men in the camp, most of them "mussulmen"—as the prisoners were called who had starved until they began "to bear the stamp of the approaching end and would soon be going up the chimney."

When the SS handed the camp over to the Wehrmacht in 1945, the prisoners hoped for better days. They were sadly disappointed. The destruction of innocent people went on like clockwork. And outside of the camp was chaos and dissolution. The Russians were approaching and in the West the Americans had crossed the Rhine. Slowly the camp was evacuated to Neuengamme, another annihilation camp. Count Bernadotte and the Swedish Red Cross succeeded in bringing to Denmark a few hundred Norwegians, among them Odd Nansen, just when conditions had become so bad in Neuengamme that in the hospital barracks five or six men had to share one bed.

Hardly anything in this heartbreaking document is new. But Odd Nansen's noble character, his humaneness as well as his sincerity, and his rare gift of detached observation make "From Day to Day" not less than Seweryna Szmaglewska's "Smoke Over Birkenau" an unforgettable book.



—*From the book.*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Looking Forward

ANY attempt to analyze the creative writing that has come out of this country since the end of the war must be fallible and in a sense dangerous. It is an almost irresistible temptation to place writers and their books into clearly defined categories, to label them and file them away until the time comes when they are ready to be embalmed in high-school and college textbooks. The critic who assumes the role of prophet is in danger later on of losing his sense of balance when the second or third books of the new writers he has analyzed and hailed as discoveries turn out to be works that are based on less significant themes. The major subject presented to many of our novelists for their first books was, after all, as massive as any writer has ever had: the greatest and the most savage war in the history of mankind. The profoundly significant change in the American people from a confused political isolationism to an almost concerted belief that it is now our duty to save the world from Communism, even if we have to win another war to do so, has come about so gradually that there are few writers to whom it has seemed a major theme; indeed, two or three years ago most of the editorials they read in the press today would have appeared to them to be Fascist heresies.

It is inevitable that few of the authors of the long war novels we have read so recently can continue to write about war, or that the writers who have brilliantly exposed national evils such as racial discrimination will repeat for long the same subject. Could Lillian Smith, for example, write a more convincing book than "Strange Fruit," or could Laura Hobson next year deliver a more successful attack on anti-Semitism than "Gentleman's Agreement"? Unless the reformer has Erskine Caldwell's alarming gift to write one novel after the other on the same material, or Upton Sinclair's ability to defend Socialism from every point on the compass, he must pass to other subjects. In doing so he will incur the risk of losing his audience; for it seems to be the opinion of publishers, critics, and the public alike that an author of a best seller should continue in the same vein for the rest of his days.

John W. Aldridge in his essay on the new generation of creative writers published in this issue complains because they have come to literary fruition after the renaissance of American writing that followed the First World War and the depression was an accomplished fact, that they are the sons of the revolution, not its originators. Indeed, he belabors the point he has made and finds in all of them echoes of the writers of the last decade, "overtones of practically everyone from Dos Passos and Hemingway to James T. Farrell." But it is only once in a century or more that the artist finds the public ready and waiting for a change, that moment when, whether he likes it or not, he must stop repeating the forms, the conventions, and philosophies of the past. The revolution in literature and all of the arts would have come to pass without a world war or a depression, for it was based on an overwhelming change in the way in which men lived and thought, and even spoke to each other. It is not surprising that the clipped accents of Mr. Hemingway, for example, can be heard in the new novels, for that is the way the bright young men and women of today talk. The novelist has only to sit in any smart bar from New York to Los Angeles and report the conversation of the modern world. The often regrettable sentences you read in the war novels come out of living models, not from anyone's book.

THE young writers of today may be far more fortunate than Mr. Aldridge suspects. They do not have to create a language, but only to record it; they do not have to yearn for or condemn the changes in living and thinking that they could only imagine were on the horizon. Now both Utopia, in the guise of the scientific age, and Hell, in the vision of an atomic war, are present and dwell solidly side by side in our minds. Not only the diseases that afflict the modern world, but the cures for them are known and are conceivable. In more than one sense the writers who are now studying humanity or who are looking back on the past have at their command knowledge and hope their fathers did not possess. The experiences through which this country, and the world too, has passed in thirty years have brought us to maturity. Whether we take advantage of it and so create a new age in which mankind can live free from fear of war or starvation will depend, to some extent, on what our writers make it. If they remain plunged in the despair in which many of them seem to find their inspiration, they will lose millions of readers who will turn to others for guidance and enlightenment; they will be creating only for the minorities who were born without hope and who must persist in believing that mankind is doomed.

No one of intelligence asks from them, or would accept from them, an inspirational literature of success or foolish happiness. But we may trust that a few writers will appear who

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have wit as well as earnestness, or who have as deep an interest in the style in which a book is written as in the significance of their theme. There is also an almost forgotten virtue in shorter novels than the double- or triple-deckers to which we are accustomed, and the brief book can be more profitable in the end. Its creator is not compelled to pour out everything that is in him in one overwhelming and exhausting effort. The young men today have another advantage. Ahey grew up in the depression; and if they were old enough to contemplate it seriously, they were tempered and hardened by that experience. They witnessed the outburst of hysteria that heralded the approach of war; they experienced the war itself, and, if they were one with the majority in uniform, they became less subject to the emotional appeal of propaganda than any like body of men the world has ever seen. When they speak, they will know their own minds; when their opinions change, it will be a genuine conversion from within. —H. S.

Bookmarks

G. A. HENTY once gave some advice to "boys who want to become authors." He said: "Write a story and get a person in whose judgment you have confidence to give you his opinion frankly whether there is any promise in it. If he says no, give the thing up altogether. If he says yes, and you really feel that you have a talent for telling stories, and find that your stories are liked by your schoolfellows, then write, and write, and write. Burn all you write, for until you are two or three and twenty you will certainly not write anything worth reading."

There is only one thing wrong with this heaping tablespoonful of counsel, and that is that it is incredibly bad. No one with a head on his shoulders and a heart in his chest is going to tell a boy author that his work fails to show "any promise." Moreover, if the person in whose judgment the boy has confidence tells the boy his stuff shows no promise, the critic straightway becomes a person in whose judgment the boy has no confidence whatsoever. Promise is a pretty tough quality to assay, anyway—one can only tell whether a thing was promising after it has been succeeded by performance. Besides, a boy author doesn't want to know if a piece of work is promising or not; he just wants to know if it is any good the way it is. "Promising," to him, or to anybody else, is just a lah-di-dah synonym for rotten.

All right—the person in whose judgment our boy author has confidence says the piece is swell, so the boy author writes some more pieces and shows them to his schoolfellows. This may have worked in Henty's England, but it is not recommended in Truman's America—not unless the boy author is bigger than any three schoolfellows.

* * *

David Donald's "Lincoln's Herndon" was, to our mind, the happiest book title of 1948. We are sure Mr. Donald doesn't know it, but the formula has been attempted before. In 1941 Karl Detzer wrote a lively biographical sketch of Carl Sandburg which he wanted to call "Lincoln's Sandburg." The publishers were Harcourt, Brace & Co., who also publish Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln." They foresaw the possibility of all kinds of confusion in their billing and shipping departments, with orders for Sandburg's "Lincoln" getting filled with copies of "Lincoln's Sandburg," and vice versa. Regretfully, but understandably, the publishers asked Mr. Detzer to alter his title, and his book appeared as "Carl Sandburg: A Study in Personality and Background."

Even if paper some day stops being scarce, it ought forever to be rationed to those novelists who tend to go in heavily for superabundant detail. We read the other day (and if we hadn't forgotten the source we should gladly give it): "They paid their check and left the restaurant." Surely such simple, manly honesty could have been taken for granted. If "they" had made a fuss about an overcharge, or sneaked out without paying, or shot the cashier—well, a running account of something like that might not have been literature, but it ought to have made for attention-holding reading.

* * *

There was quite a little excitement in East Orange, N. J., the other day when a citizen reported having seen a dog that glowed in the dark. Seems the creature had been rolling in some artificial snow. Or reading "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

* * *

A Midwest man and wife, apprehended in the commission of a burglary, told the police they had acquired certain techniques of the craft (but not very sound techniques, apparently) from comic books. They would have done better to apply themselves, instead, to Clyde Brion Davis's "The Rebellion of Leo McGuire," the best burglary-training manual we have ever read, and, if that is all you want out of a book, a good story.

* * *

Dipping into Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" (and what treatise is more profitably dippable-into?), we recently discovered that the use of "the psychological moment" in the sense of happy and usually fortuitous timing is a completely false reading. The phrase was made in Germany; "das Moment" means momentum, and has nothing at all to do with timing, fortuitous or otherwise. If it is any satisfaction to anybody, the French made the same mistake, and made it first.

* * *

He who has read everything has read nothing. —J. T. W.

"Please, *please*, sir—surely you can *force* a smile!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sex, Symbolism & Psychology

SIR: I consider that in fairness to your readers, who will never condescend to look into my little book "Sex Symbolism, and Psychology in Literature" [*SRL* Jan. 1] after reading Mr. Harry Levin's sadistic review, I should venture a reply.

I trust Mr. Levin's fear—that my book "will prove misleading if, in belaboring various straw men, it spreads the idea its author is a pioneer"—need not trouble any reader who gets beyond page four, where I admitted (too optimistically it seems): "Nor is this a pioneer study in the adaptation of Freudian theory to the interpretation of literature."

For all his study of James Joyce, Mr. Levin is not precisely Irish in wielding a critical shilalah: ". . . it goes about far enough to span the distance between the hostile layman and the elementary student." But he knows how little David picks off a Philistine with a slingshot: "In an area where speculation has flown perhaps too high, Mr. Basler is a sturdy pedestrian." Is this Icarus speaking?

Whether Mr. Levin flays with Neanderthal hunting knife or stings with Lilliputian blowpipe, I should only ask that he consider his victim—a little book admittedly designed for nine o'clock scholars, who, after a generation of Freudian intelligentsia and coterie upon coterie of critical archangels hymning "introductions," have still found Freudian theory to have no application to literary criticism.

Is it too much to expect that a "chairman of the department of comparative literature at Harvard University" should stoop to consider honestly the stated intent of a book when he reviews it?

ROY P. BASLER.

Springfield, Ill.

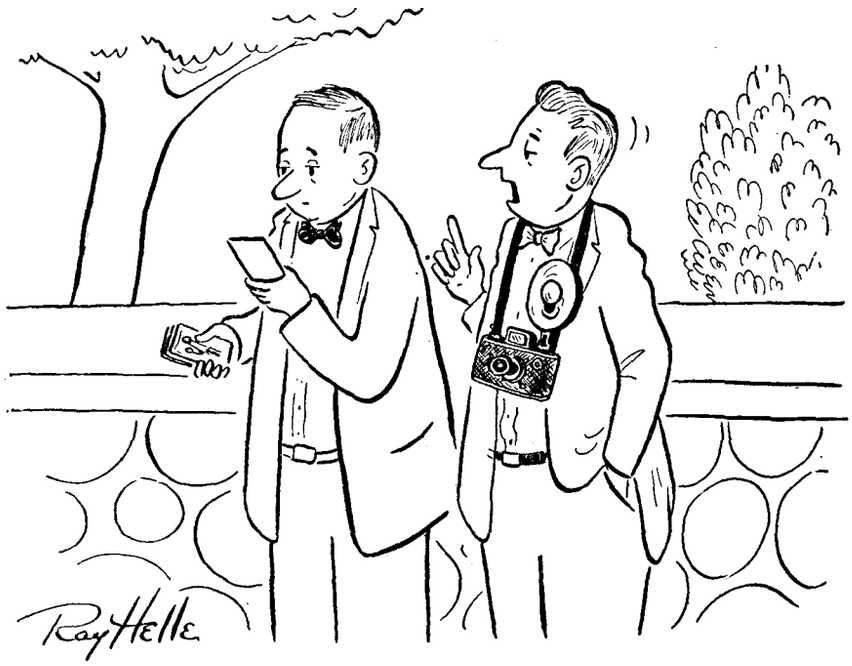
SIR: I am sorry that Mr. Basler considers my review " sadistic," but I fear that this is only another instance of the looseness with which he employs psychological—not to say ethical—terms. By personal allusions and irrelevant metaphors, he obscures the serious question I tried to raise: whether a method which sticks so close to the surface, and operates within so limited an area, can really tell us anything new.

It is true that he does not claim to be a pioneer in the sentence quoted from page four; it is equally true *passim* that his book gives itself the airs of a pioneering effort. On page five, after outlining his approach a little further, he states: "That this is heresy I am fully aware. . . ." Similar statements, emphasizing the novelty of his own views and the obtuseness of previous critics, occur on pages 9, 11, 73, 143, and 207.

Beyond describing "Sex, Symbolism, and Psychology in Literature," and suggesting its relationship to what has been or could be done in its field, my sincere endeavor was to indicate such merit as I found in it. That I could not find enough to satisfy Mr. Basler is regrettable but scarcely decisive. I very much hope that readers of this correspondence will look into his book, and decide for themselves between the modesty of his claims and the honesty of my criticisms.

HARRY LEVIN.

Cambridge, Mass.



"I used No. 7 super double X film—shot it at 1/100 of a second with a 5.6 opening. I think he's my wife's cousin. I forget his name."

. . . Where Credit Is Due

SIR: I don't like to be a scold, but I must protest the omission of the name of the artist from your reproduction of an illustration from Langston Hughes's book of poetry "One-Way Ticket" [*SRL* Jan. 22].

Six illustrations were done for this book by the young American painter Jacob Lawrence, whose work has appeared extensively in national magazines, and whose paintings are in the collections of the Metropolitan, the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum, and the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington. A representative group of his paintings may be seen at the Downtown Gallery in New York.

WILLIAM COLE.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For makeup reasons it has never been* SRL *style to name the artist when the illustrations were credited to the book in which they appear. We are, however, happy to give Mr. Lawrence full honors for his excellent art work in "One-Way Ticket."*

With Words & Music

SIR: I read with great interest Arnold Schoenberg's letter regarding Thomas Mann's use in his novel "Doctor Faustus" of facts from Schoenberg's life [*SRL* Jan. 1]. I also read with equal interest Schoenberg's recent letter to Olin Downes, music critic of *The New York Times*, regarding Mr. Downes's sneering comment on Mahler's Seventh Symphony.

It seems to me that Schoenberg and other important composers are eloquent and practised masters of the art of *saying things with music*—whereas Thomas Mann and Olin Downes, in their respective fields, (and other critics and writers) are eloquent and practised masters of the art of *saying things with words*. Therefore when Schoenberg stands up in public and expresses his deep and sincere feelings regarding the music of Gustav Mahler, and regarding the method of composing with twelve tones which he himself originated, it becomes a simple matter for Mr. Downes and Mr. Mann to make public answer which *seems* to "win the argument." But we are not all convinced merely by verbal eloquence.

In the long run, the reputation and stature of Mahler and Schoenberg will rest securely on their music, and not on the word of the professional critic or novelist who demolishes their "letters to the editor" or endeavors to dismiss their art with expertly chosen words.

JOHN C. W. BIRD.

Asbury Park, N. J.

Two "Dynamite Johnnies"?

SIR: In reading through a recently published book, "God's Loaded Dice," written by Henry F. Woods in collaboration with Edward E. P. Morgan, a reference in it has greatly mystified me. The Woods-Morgan book is an account of Morgan's varied adventures during thirty-three years as mining prospector, musher, and seaman in

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Alaska. In the course of the entertaining narrative mention is made of one "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien, a famous skipper in Alaskan waters, and this is the cause of my mystification.

Back in my years as a member of the staff of the old *New York Evening World*, during which I spent a considerable period as Ship News reporter, I knew "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien well, and to my knowledge he had never navigated Pacific waters and, as I relate in my book "Hell's Bells!," now in manuscript for publication, his cognomen was gained because of his gun-running operations for Cuban revolutionists.

Now the question in my mind is: "Were there two 'Dynamiting Johnny' O'Briens, and if so which was the original?"

ROSS DUFF WHYTOCK.

Glendale, Calif.

"Hobson's Choice"

SIR: This is to add a loud "Me too!" to Laura Z. Hobson's plea [*SRL* Jan. 22] that the DC's should not be printed on the shiny inside back cover.

JOSEPH B. MACLEAN.

Yarmouthport, Mass.

SIR: Not being one of those gifted persons who can sit on an island in the South Pacific and work a puzzle in thirty minutes flat without the aid of a dictionary or other reference book, I do make mistakes and have to erase. . . . When I have completed the puzzle it is a mess. . . . I add my plea to that of Laura Z. Hobson. . . .

LOUIS CARTLIDGE.

Redlands, Calif.

SIR: . . . Can you come to our help?

ANNE M. PIERCE.

Bluefield, W. Va.

SIR: Laura Z. Hobson's plea finds a supporter who agrees with all her forceful arguments and has an even weightier objection: Since the *SRL* is now mailed sans wrapper it sometimes arrives sans cover. *SRL* without its Double-Crostic is maimed indeed.

CATHERINE CAMPBELL.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: I heartily second the suggestion. . . .

MARIAN N. MCAVOY.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Amen!

H. L. C. BUCHNER.

Baltimore, Md.

SIR: Unlikely as the adoption of Laura Z. Hobson's admirable suggestion appears, perhaps my own solution may help. A fountain pen with not too fine a point has been my habit for years. . . . Granted, ink will not exactly erase . . . but "by and large" the results are good.

HAROLD F. SMITH.

Kalispell, Mont.

SIR: . . . One hearty seconding of the motion—give us squashy pulp!

MARY BARBARA KANE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I have always felt that nothing could make me enjoy Double Crostics more. . . . However, there is one thing. . . .

HARRIET E. GREENHUT.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

SIR: . . . I heartily concur. . . . Perhaps most *SRL* readers are so mentally alert that they can start boldly with a fountain pen. I must admit that the eraser is quite as important as the pencil. . . .

NORRIS WEST.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Please chalk me up on the side of Laura Z. Hobson. . . .

MABEL C. DAGGETT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: . . . May I offer a suggestion? . . . By placing the DC over a hard surface and using as an ordinary lead pencil eraser a slightly dampened finger tip, the writing will disappear and the surface be immediately ready to be used again.

JESSIE P. WEDLAKE.

Devon, Conn.

SIR: I join in howling violently for putting the DC's on soft paper.

MRS. J. D. HUNTER.

Clearwater, Fla.

SIR: I wish to join Laura Z. Hobson in her "howl." . . . My copy of the *SRL* arrives in the mail so bedraggled that the front and last pages are torn and in the last few weeks twice missing—and I have had to go without both the DC and TRADE WINDS and,

I ask you, what is the *SRL* without those?

HERBERT F. PRESTON.

New Ipswich, N. H.

SIR: Laura Z. Hobson's letter so exactly expresses my feeling that I thought I had written it myself until I saw her signature.

LILLIAN A. MCALLISTER.

Westminster, Mass.

SIR: I submit my

Gentlewoman's Agreement

She again takes up the cudgel,
Aims another telling blow;
She wields her magic pencil
And decries our common woe.

We have suffered long in silence,
Now we rally to her voice;
There swells forth a mighty chorus—
"Give ye heed to Hobson's choice."

DORCAS STANTON WRIGHT.

Williamsville, N. Y.

SIR: May I join Miss Hobson in her plea. . . .

W. REEDER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I wish to add my voice. . . .

FRANKLIN DAY.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Not interested in "Hobson's Choice." . . . Slick stuff of the inside cover takes ink readily.

L. F.

SIR: I can only hope that the howls reach a deafening pitch and volume. . . . Cheers for Laura Z. Hobson—howls for you.

MARY E. LINDSAY.

Richboro, Pa.

SIR: . . . If there is any technical reason why these puzzles cannot be printed on another page which will take the imprint of a lead pencil why don't you say so? . . .

G. W. COTTIS.

St. Cloud, Fla.

SIR: I wish to cast my ballot with Laura Z. Hobson. . . . [The shiny paper has] given me eye trouble, too.

ESTHER POSKANZER.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: . . . Do take pity on the DC fans!

A. S. H.

Ambler, Pa.

SIR: I subscribe 100 per cent, possibly more. . . .

MARCIA DALPHIN.

Rye, N. Y.

SIR: . . . I, too, have suffered long and silently.

NINA MORGAN BUCKINGHAM.

Belmont, Mass.

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How to Write for Children

ALICE DALGLIESH

IN a German town, a century and a half ago, the Brothers Grimm had finished the first volume of one of the "best sellers" of all time, their collection of folk tales. "Kinder-und-Haus Maerchen" they called it, explaining that they had used the phrase "House Stories" because "these stories are an inheritance in the house."

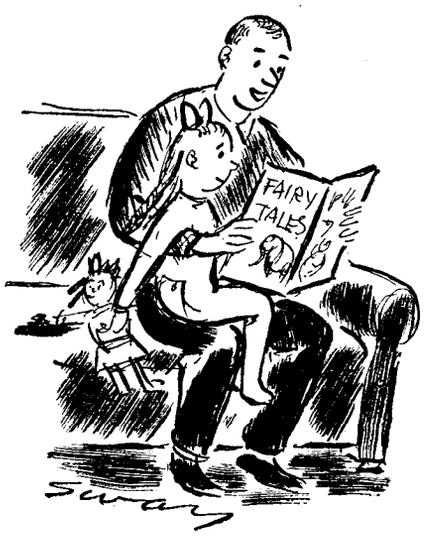
An inheritance in the house! What more could any author wish for his books? Few attain it even in the long-lived field of children's stories—Hans Christian Andersen, Kenneth Grahame, Lewis Carroll, A. A. Milne—a handful of names. Most of us can hope only to have our books live for a decade or a little longer. I must confess that nothing has delighted me more than having the mother of a five-year-old say to me: "I grew up on your Sandy Cove stories and I can hardly wait to read them to Elaine." At least in twenty-five years of writing I have become a literary grandmother!

What makes a book for children live, even in this modest way? To begin with, the author must have a real desire to write, a story to tell. I can truthfully say that most of my books were written because I simply *had* to write them. When a plot or a set of characters comes into your mind, nagging, insisting, when you think of it as you wake in the night and can scarcely wait to start writing, then you may have a book. Enjoyment is essential to good writing, but so is hard work. There is no way of avoiding this hard work, no short cut, no detour.

The writing of children's books is not a casual or hit-or-miss affair; it is a serious and honorable profession to be approached and held to with respect. A few months ago, I saw in a writer's handbook the misleading statement: "Anyone who can write English can write a children's book." Judging by the manuscripts I see as an editor, far too many people think this is true. In one way it is; anyone can *write* a children's book, but writing is one thing and getting it published is another; having it sell more than a few copies during the first year is something else again. There is a difference between hack work, which is (far too much of it) a true craftsmanship, and published

novelist may not be successful when writing for younger readers. Children's books have a long, profitable, rewarding life *if children like them.* This is a *must,* for the books owe their continued existence to library replacements and they must be worn out by eager, seeking hands. It pleases me when I see my books on library shelves looking worn and ready to fall apart.

What background should one have to become a successful writer of children's books? To have had a full and rich childhood, its patterns and its



colors, its joys and its sorrows, etched indelibly on the mind, to be able to interpret it with understanding, is the best of preparations for writing. Nostalgic remembrance, however, does not take the place of a study of present-day children and their ways. My own preparation for writing was an exotic and colorful childhood, much reading, and a father who read aloud, not once in a while, but every day. It also includes much experience with children and with people of all ages. I am sure I could not have written a teen-age book had I not been foster-mother to a teen-age cousin during the war. I learned much from Elizabeth!

An important preparation for the writer is knowing something about children's interests at various ages. This does not mean "writing down." There are those who say there is no such thing as "writing for children"; it is the same as writing for adults. This is not strictly true. Certain techniques may be the same, quality should be, but the story itself cannot fail to be conditioned by the age and emotional maturity of its prospective reader. Of course, one does not self-consciously write "to an age." But there are age differences and there is a definite progression, beginning with the simple (but not easy to write) form of the picture book, where one is a miser of words and each word must count, must fit into the pattern as a fragment of mosaic fits into the whole. There one selects consciously and sets in place bright fragments that will please the small child who is in a period of sensory delight and experimentation. With very little children rhythm is important. They love the lilt of words, the repetition of a phrase. They demand a direct approach and a beginning must be as direct as in an old folk tale that sets its scene in the first sentence: "Once upon a time there was—."

Two to four is the age of the "here and now," when the everyday things of the world are touched with magic and with wonder. I have not written stories for these first listeners; it is a specialized field of which I stand in awe. I leave it to Lucy Sprague Mitchell, to Lois Lenski, to Marjorie Flack, to Margaret Wise Brown, who know how to pattern (and sometimes over-pattern) their stories so that a very little child will ask for them to be read a hundred times. Even these simple stories have their above-average phrases, for "writing simply" does not mean writing baby-talk or the stilted phrases of a primer. In Mrs. Mitchell's "The Tickly Spider" the spider lives "deep in the grass about three buttercups away" from the little boy lying in the grass on his stomach. Margaret Wise Brown excels in the use of *sound* so important to this age. Her "Noisy" books are two- and three-year-old classics. For the above-average three-year-old there are more mind-stretching possibilities, but he will return time and again to the very simply told story.

THE four-to-seven group retains the love for rhythmic phrases, words still are magic balls to be juggled, pattern is a joy, though not an essential. How often, as I have told a folk tale, I have watched children carried along on the recurring waves of it, drifting with the sheer delight of repetitive sound! And those of us who attempt to write for this age, must realize that we compete with the perfect form of the folk tale. A story for this age group should be planned for story-telling; the author should always read it aloud. If it is carefully wrought it will be read countless

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Americana. *The El Dorado that is California was occupied by American forces in 1846; gold was discovered in its hills two years later; by 1849 it seemed that every ambitious young man in the United States was hazarding the arduous trip overland or the long voyage around South America in the hope of making his fortune. The colorful story of the Forty-Niners and the opening of California is being fittingly commemorated by a shelf of new books from California as well as Eastern presses. Readers intrigued by two of the books reviewed below—John Bruce's "Gaudy Century" and Walter Caughley's "Gold Is the Cornerstone"—should look forward to other books due shortly, including Archer Butler Hulbert's "Forty-Niners," Joseph Henry Jackson's "Gold Rush Album," and Oscar Lewis's "Sea Routes to the Gold Fields."*

Gold Coast Gazettes

GAUDY CENTURY: The Story of San Francisco's Hundred Years of Robust Journalism. By John Bruce. New York: Random House. 1948. 302 *pp.* $3.75.

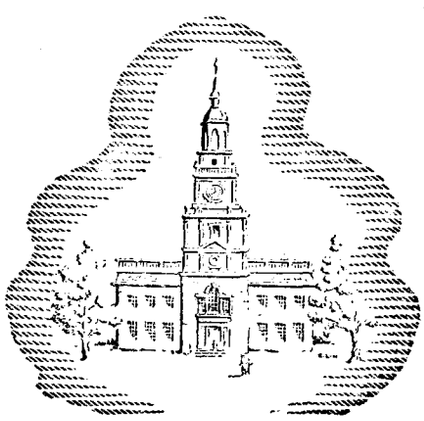
Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

A SAN FRANCISCO cabbie once picked up John P. Irish, the last editor of the *Alta California*. Irish, according to John Bruce, "had three great distinctions: he had been the Democratic candidate for Governor of Iowa, could make the longest speech on the shortest material of anyone in the city, and never wore a necktie in his life." The cabbie looked his fare over and sighed: "Book characters, always, always book characters. I never get just people."

A good many of the men in "Gaudy Century," no fault of Mr. Bruce, are book characters. It hasn't been exclusively their fault, either. The most ordinary citizen, set down against the background of the city that burgeoned out of the Gold Rush, was bound to turn into a book character. He became a child of circumstance, and there was no other way for circumstance to bring him up.

Here is a practical instance of how circumstance helped. California's first newspaper, the *Californian*, began publication at Monterey on April 15, 1846. Its editor was Walter Colton, Chaplain, USN. The *Californian* greeted the world with this announcement:

> OUR ALPHABET:—Our type is a Spanish font picked up here in a cloister and has no VV's in it, as there are none in the Spanish alphabet. I have sent to the Sandvvich Island for this letter; in the meantime vve must use tvvo V's. Our paper at present is that for vvrapping segars; in due time vve vvill have something better.
> VVALTER COLTON.



The *Californian* moved to San Francisco in May 1947, and was bought by a jeweler named Buckelew. On March 15, 1848, it published, all unaware, one of the great scoops of journalistic history. The tremendous intelligence appeared on page two, at the bottom of column three, with a run-in sidehead, exactly like this:

> GOLD MINE FOUND—In the newly made raceway of the Saw Mill recently erected by Captain Sutter, on the American Fork, gold has been found in considerable quantities. One person brought thirty dollars' worth to New Helvetia, gathered there in a short time. California, no doubt, is rich in mineral wealth, great chances here for scientific capitalists. Gold has been found in almost every part of the country.

The book characters got to know about the gold and came in battalions, and newspapers were born, languished, died, prospered, were absorbed, and their editors left the impress of their personalities upon them. It was a rough age, but it had its delicate side. When, back in Washington, in 1859, Dan Sickles shot Philip Barton Key for stealing his wife, the nation's papers made hay of the case. When Sickles extorted a written confession from Mrs. Sickles, the press had another field day. Mrs. Sickles said, among much else, that she and Key used to meet in a little shack he had engaged for the purpose, and "I have done there what is usual for a wicked woman to do." The San Francisco *Bulletin*, along with most of the Eastern press, published the confession, or that much of it anyway, and its editors were fined for "publishing and selling a lewd and obscene newspaper."

San Francisco's biggest story—the 1906 earthquake—knocked out the newspaper plants, and the *Call*, the *Examiner*, and the *Chronicle* combined to get out a four-page tabloid in Oakland. The *News*, only three years old and not yet walking, got out an issue on the spot; then the Army came along and dynamited the building.

Mr. Bruce, as city editor of the *Chronicle*, knows the city and its newspapers; he has delved to good purpose.

Snow on the Spot

MYSTERIES AND ADVENTURES ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST. By Edward Rowe Snow. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 352 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THIS item reads something like a combination of Richard Halliburton and Edward Eggleston, with the improvement that the present incumbent is a more honest reporter than the one and takes a more direct interest in his task than the other. A football coach and wartime flyer, Mr. Snow is amply supplied with energy, and apparently with funds. No sooner does he hear of something queer going on anywhere along the Atlantic Coast from the mouths of the St. Lawrence to the Strait of Florida, than he is off in an airplane to investigate in person. Someone sank a shaft to a depth of 118 feet in search of a putative treasure on Oak Island off Nova Scotia and the shaft half filled with water; Mr. Snow talked to the man who financed the digging and himself went down the hole. People doubted that a bygone doctor in Salt Lake City directed that his heart be pickled in alcohol and buried on Nantucket Island. Mr. Snow dug up the heart.

He narrates these investigations and tales in a book at once fascinating and —well, one hates to use the word authoritative in such a case, but there is hardly any other. Certainly nobody has gone deeper into the mystery of

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what happened aboard the *Carroll A. Deering*, or does more in briefer space to clear away the jungle theory and falsification that have grown up around the *Mary Celeste*, the Lizzie Borden case of the sea.

Yet it would be a mistake to give the impression that this is exclusively a book of maritime mysteries. Mr. Snow's interest is catholic; anything out of the ordinary sends him chasing off to run down the facts, whether it is a bullfight on Cape Ann, a seaman who was really swallowed by a whale, or the story of the siege of Louisbourg. He has dug up a pirate who makes Blackbeard look like a piker and the true story of the wreck of the *Hesperus*, and has made a collection of messages found in bottles. (They are mostly hoaxes.) In fact, one might just as well give a table of contents and let it go at that, with the addition that Mr. Snow's easy conversational manner is quite adequate to carry as diverting a collection of fireside tales, and as good a book for settling bets, as there has been around in a while.

Americana Notes

GOLD IS IN THE CORNERSTONE, by John Walter Caughey. University of California Press. $4. A thorough history of mining in the United States remains to be written. The most interesting single chapter in the chronicle, however, is at last supplied by Mr. Caughey. Of tales by and about Forty-niners we have a whole library; but until now no well-rounded study of the California Gold Rush; the methods of the early miners, the financial returns, life in the diggings, the rise of law and government, and the steady conquest of the mines by large-scale capitalism, has been written. Mr. Caughey covers all these subjects in an eminently readable fashion. He brings out many little-known facts: that cholera was a greater peril to the gold-hunters than the Indians, that to wash fifty pans was counted a good day's work, that the influx of miners instantly revolutionized California's agriculture by starting a back-to-the-grain-farm movement, that California claim law was transplanted without significant change all over the mountainous West, and that quartz mining began as early as 1850. The most original part of the book deals with the replacement of the initial placer mining by "hydraulicking" and (more slowly) by quartz-crushing. The use of powerful hose, combined with flumes, tunnels, and explosives, to wash whole hills into the canyons and rivers to get at the gold-bearing gravels was a California invention. The first half billion dollars that came from the California mines was mainly placer gold; the second half billion mainly hydraulic; the second billion chiefly quartz. This concise, careful, and graphic volume is a worthy addition to the well-edited Chronicles of California Series.

* * *

PLUNKITT OF TAMMANY HALL, by W. L. Riordan. Knopf. $2.50. George Washington Plunkitt, a pillar of Tammany in the great days of Croker and Murphy, leader of the Fifteenth Assembly District, and holder at times of four offices at once, could never have written a book. He could talk to good purpose, however, and W. L. Riordan, political reporter of the *Evening Post*, got more than a score of his political homilies into "Plunkitt of Tammany Hall." This remarkable handbook of boss politics, now republished with a discerning introduction by Roy V. Peel, explains how Plunkitt kept voters in the palm of his hand, rigged elections, fought the Citizens' Union, direct primary, civil-service reform, and other innovations that threatened to send party government to hell, and made a full million out of contracting, real estate, and transportation. Just how much of the talk is Plunkitt and how much Riordan we shall never know. But doubtless Plunkitt deserves credit for invention of the term "honest graft," for the aphorism (after witnessing upstate raids on the metropolis at Albany) that "New York City is pie for the hayseeds," and for the epitaph he wanted placed on his tombstone: "George W. Plunkitt. He Seen His Opportunities, and He Took 'Em." No doubt, too, his views on Tammany ("the only lastin' Democracy"), on Lincoln Steffens ("all mixed up"), on Brooklynites ("just natural-born hayseeds"), and on the use of money in politics ("these things ought to be always fixed up nice and quiet") are authentic. The book is worth reading for four reasons, one of which may escape some people. It is a rich piece of human nature, very Irish, very New York; it has historical value in showing how the city was governed 1890-1910; it exposes the evils of the boss-controlled machine — and not least, it demonstrates that success in politics requires the human touch, with plenty of kindliness and generosity.

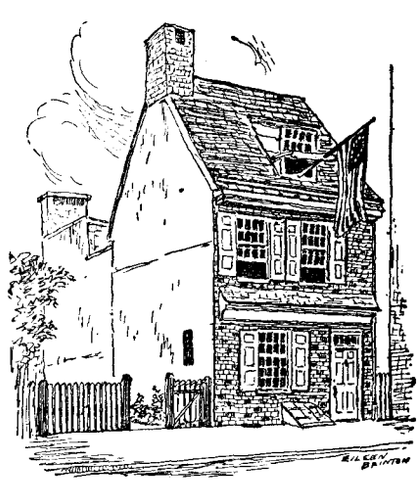
* * *

THE PRESIDENT: OFFICE AND POWERS 1787-1948, by Edward S. Corwin. New York University Press. $6.75. Edward S. Corwin's standard work reaches its third editon with eighty pages of fresh material, two parts of which are of special interest. He deals at length with the greatly expanded role of the President as commander-in-chief, illustrated by Franklin D. Roosevelt's use of his office in the recent war; and he analyzes fully the controversy between President and House precipitated by Truman's Loyalty Order. Professor Corwin repeats, with some fresh arguments, his proposal for converting the Cabinet into a legislative council.

* * *

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AMERICAN WRITING OF 1848, by James P. Wood. Funk & Wagnalls. $5. A century ago, under Polk our literature was getting into stride. It had been possible for Rufus W. Griswold not long before to lump Brainerd, Bryant, Ware, Longfellow, and Hillhouse together as roughly equal; it was still possible for E. P. Whipple to pass over Lowell to praise Percival. The masters, however, were emerging. James P. Wood has undertaken a novel task in reprinting year by year selections from the best literature of a century past. His first volume was stimulating, but drew on too few authors (only fifteen) to furnish a true picture of the intellectual activity of 1847. This, his second, is much fuller and more varied; a true cross-section of a productive and entertaining year, with some twenty-five selections from more than a score of writers.

Here, mingled with such works as Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience," Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and Poe's "Poetic Principle," are selections hard to find outside a large library and well worth having at hand. They include Charles A. Dana's long reports from Paris, Berlin, and Vienna on the revolutions of 1848; John Russell Bartlett's essay-introduction to his "Dictionary of Americanisms"; some horrifying chapters from Ned Buntline's "Mysteries and Miseries of New York," showing how



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real the slum miseries [illegible] were; and interesting pages on [illegible] the Massachusetts school system [illegible] from the annual report of Horace Mann. The economist Henry C. Carey is not forgotten, while among others represented are George Catlin, John Quincy Adams (this year was his "last on earth"), Bayard Taylor, and the solemn President Polk. It is clear that 1848 was a twelvemonth rich in ideas in America as in Europe. In fact, ideas are just what distinguish this anthology, which contains no masterpiece of the imagination; even Lowell's "Biglow Papers" being valuable for satire, not poetry. This series deserves continuation. It sinks a shaft into the culture of our ancestors, and provokes comparisons which are not completely to our own advantage.

* * *

YANKEE FOLK, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Vanguard. $3. An interest in the quaint marks the studies of Edwin Valentine Mitchell. He follows his books on old New England and Pennsylvania customs with a highly miscellaneous collection called "Yankee Folk," its sketches bound together only by the fact that they all pertain to oldtime days Down East. Hermits, tinkers, body-snatchers, bank-robbers, astronomers, pirates, and lightning calculators—each group supplies a short chapter of antiquarian flavor. From pages on ancestral trees (the Washington elm, the Charter Oak, and so on) one may turn to anecdotes of Nantucket whalemen and extracts from the town history of Sutton, Mass. An idle-hour book for the idle-minded, as disjointed as a dictionary.

* * *

LINCOLN AND THE PREACHERS, by Edgar DeWitt Jones. Harper. $2.50. The late W. E. Barton covered Lincoln's religious life so well that no one need explore it again. A more prosaic but useful inquiry is here carried out by Edgar DeWitt Jones. That various clergymen, particularly Matthew Simpson in Springfield and Phineas D. Gurley in Washington, exercised a real influence upon Lincoln, is well known, as is the way in which his path dramatically crossed that of Peter Cartwright. Dr. Jones has made a careful study of the relations of Lincoln with these men, refraining from the petty exaggerations which the subject invites. He has also described the influence which Lincoln has exercised upon and through a long line of religious preachers, from Henry Ward Beecher to the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton and Billy Sunday.

—Allan Nevins.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S "The Quest of the Historical Jesus" (Macmillan, $5), first published here in 1910, is a masterly and fascinating survey of the persistent, learned, ingenious, and sometimes fantastic attempts which were made between 1778 and 1901 to arrive at the truth behind the Gospel narratives of Jesus's life, mission, death, and resurrection. From the pioneer, fragmentary essays of Reimarus, down to his own "Sketch of the Life of Jesus," Schweitzer sure-footedly makes his way through the thorny wilderness of German critical theology, past the remarkable reconstructions of the imaginative biographers fathered by Bahrdt, and across the Rhine—where he turns his deadly wit upon Renan's popular sentimentality and highly successful literary sleight-of-hand. The work of such men as Paulus, Hase, Schleirmacher, Strauss, Weisse, Bruno Bauer, and William Wrede is analyzed at considerable length, while the ideas of a host of lesser writers are more briefly examined and evaluated. One by one the central problems, issues, and positions are clarified: the mutual and internal contradictions and inconsistencies of the Gospels; the cleft between the Synoptics and John; the interrelation of the Synoptics themselves; the claims for John, and the Marcan hypothesis; the rational, liberal, and sceptical positions; the case for myth as opposed to miracle; and the eschatological view which was adumbrated by Reimarus, neglected for more than a century, and then renewed and developed by Schweitzer himself.

The whole performance is scholarly and urbane, and a fine example of critical exposition. It is a mystery story on the highest possible level, enlivened by Dr. Schweitzer's wit, and enriched by his effective command of simile and metaphor. One may think that his own arguments are as vulnerable as many that he attacks, that his conclusions are shot through with ambiguities; but his book affords a wide view of a whole library of critical theology, and is, as far as I know, the best introduction to its subject.

The final chapter of this great story—and great mystery—is briefly told in the new, interestingly illustrated edition of Cecil Roth's "A Short History of the Jewish People" (East and West Library, $6). There we read: "At the Pilgrim Festivals especially, Jerusalem continued to be a hotbed of excitement; and in the year 33, a religious revivalist and social reformer from Galilee named Joshua (Jesus), who laid claim to Davidic descent, was crucified on Passover eve, after a summary trial, by the nervous administration." It was an event which seemed calculated to leave hardly a ripple of interest behind, and one which surely gave no promise of seriously affecting the history of the Jewish people. Yet its results, for Jews as well as Christians, were to be beyond all measuring. The descendants of Abraham had suffered at the hands of Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Ptolemies, Seleucids, and Romans; but it was a new kind of persecution that they faced when, after successfully crossing into Europe over the bridge built by Moslem conquests, the storm of hate roused by the Crusades burst upon them, and medieval, religious anti-Semitism was harshly formulated by the Fourth Lateran Council. This kind of persecution is still with us, and necessarily fills many pages of Mr. Roth's excellent book, which may be collated profitably with Dr. Sachar's history, recently recommended here. But the greater, antiphonal story, which all histories of Jewry tell, is that of a people who, century after century, in many lands, have managed to live a life within a life; an inner existence hedged by traditional, spiritual walls that have proved inviolable.

Out of K'uhsien, in 571 B.C., came a teacher very different from the great Galilean. You may drink deep of his mystical, soothing, non-contentious philosophy in "The Wisdom of Laotse" (Modern Library, $1.25), which Lin Yutang has skilfully composed by interweaving the eternal paradoxes of the old master and the interpretations of his disciple, Chaungtse. Who would not be a Taoist—if only he could!—in this racked world of ours? But it is a philosophy to give any writer pause. Said the sage: "He who knows does not speak; He who speaks does not know."

Another valuable addition to the Modern Library is "Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson." And no one interested in modern poetry should overlook the third, augmented edition of "Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins" (Oxford, $3.50).

—Ben Ray Redman.

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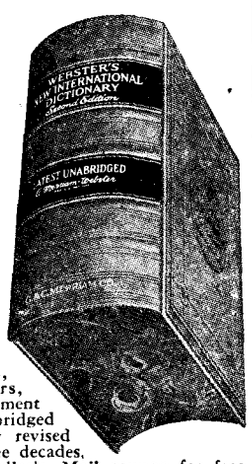

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Poetry. *From the ancient Greek, "a very simple and austere tongue," as Sir Gilbert Murray calls it, to the polysyllabic rhyming of Russian, is a long step, but translators have grappled the poetry of both languages. This week, attempts to carry over into English some of the best poems in the classical ongue, as well as a larger amount of Russian poetry, are weighed by experts, and the distinguished English scholar F. L. Lucas comes off rather better than Mr. Bowra. However, the discussion as to both is illuminating. A new English poet, John Heath-Stubbs, emerges from these reviews as a portent, while others, including the veteran poet and poet-anthologist William Stanley Braithwaite, are given their reasonable due. It is but right that an especial tribute is paid to the last-named for his long service to the major art of poetry in America.*

Labor of Love for the Greeks

APHRODITE: Two Verse Translations. By F. L. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 53 *pp.* $2.25.

SWANS AND AMBER. Translated and adapted by Dorothy Burr Thompson. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1948. 193 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

EACH of these volumes is in its way a labor of love. F. L. Lucas, a distinguished scholar and critic, has translated into English verse what are, as he says, the earliest and latest poems inspired in Graeco-Roman antiquity by the Goddess of Cyprus: the so-called "Homeric" "Hymn to Aphrodite," and the late Latin "Pervigilium Veneris." Each of these has the original text opposite the translation, is accompanied by notes, and is preceded by a deeply appreciative introduction.

The "Hymn to Aphrodite," which belongs to the Homeric Age if not to Homer, tells in some 300 lines the story of the love of Aphrodite for the Trojan Anchises (by whom she became the mother of Aeneas); of his dazzled recognition of her; and of her inevitable farewell, its inevitability underscored by the other story of Tithonus, who also was loved by a goddess and was granted immortality, but withered away of old age an immortal Struldbrug. "When two people fall in love with each other," says Ernest Hemingway, "there can be no happy ending to it"; and when one of the two is a goddess, this is even more bitterly true. Mr. Lucas's rendering of this poignant idyll is, so far as the meaning goes, always accurate, and often very happy—as when he translates the difficult *parthenoi alphesiboiai* ("maidens bringing many cattle," an allusion to the payment of a bride-price) by "many a long-wooed maid." Regrettably, not so much can be said for his form. The meter he has chosen is one which was used by William Morris for his translation of the Aeneid and "Sigurd the Volsung," and which, so far as I know, may have been invented by him. It may be called the inverted hexameter, a six-beat line altered from the falling rhythm natural to Greek into the rising rhythm natural to English, *i.e.*, composed of anapests and trochees instead of dactyls and spondees. It is perhaps as good an equivalent as our language can provide for the classical hexameter, but Mr. Lucas, in phrases like "and the cities of righteous folk" derives too much of his diction, as well as his meter, from Morris, to be altogether acceptable to the present day. And it must be regretfully confessed that his ear is not equal to its task. The couplet

For *her* delight is the clash of fight, where Ares stands,
Battle, and war, and the beauty bright from the craftsman's hands.

with its one internal rhyme and what looks at first like another, is less like Morris than like the worst of Kipling or the best of Kipling's parodists.

In dealing with a writer who has in the past given us so much pleasure as Mr. Lucas, it is a pleasure to turn from his verse, which cannot be praised unreservedly, to his prose, which can. Mr. Lucas's introductory essays to these two poems are little masterpieces, as he shows how each poem expresses the two aspects of Nature, one as the great Mother and Lover, and the other as eternally cold and indifferent to us. Anyone with even a smattering of the classical languages may be urged to read or reread these poems, by the help of

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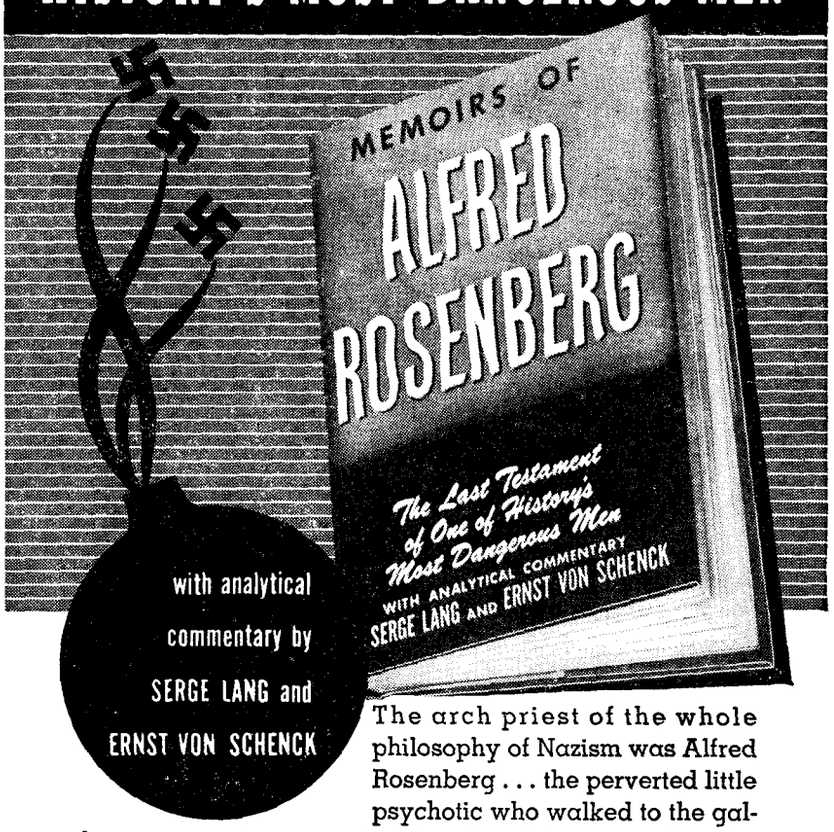
the translations, and in the light of the introductory essays. *Cras amet*—He who has not known them will love them, he who loves them will learn to love them better.

"Swans in Amber" contains poems and fragments from a number of the early Greek lyric poets, translated into English verse. Mrs. Thompson, the translator, says that they were first undertaken for her own pleasure, and that she found that they helped her students at Toronto "to catch the spirit—rather, the high spirits—of the early Ionian period." It is undoubtedly true that translators from the Greek anthology have generally chosen chiefly the poems of unhappy love, and the epitaphs, as being the most beautiful, and have produced, in readers who know Greek only in translation, an undue impression of melancholy. It is a praiseworthy idea to try to show the great vitality of the early Greek age. And these English verses, in rhyme and generally rather irregular meter, have about them a quality almost of the impromptu, which must indeed suggest to a student that Greek is something that can be read for pleasure. But the amateur spirit can be carried too far, and here at times one feels that both English and Greek are handled a little cavalierly. There seems no reason to change Aphrodite's sparrows (*strouthoi*) to swans; and to say (of Sappho's apple-gatherers who could not reach the sweet-apple) "though reach it they'd list" is at best a curious archaism. Moreover, there is the inescapable fact that the original meters are, as Mrs. Thompson says, "built up of full and fractional notes, arranged in delicately varied patterns; and without the sense of some really formal stanza, you can have no real sense of the poems." The best of Mrs. Thompson's book is her generous introductions to the various sections dealing with Greek civilization at the dawn of the Golden Age. Her enthusiasm and knowledge are truly infectious. One can be sure that both these books, if they fall into the right hands, will fulfil what is undoubtedly their authors' warmest hope by awakening or reawakening enthusiasm for the minor classical poets.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "To Spring." 2. To the Fringed Gentian." 3. "To a Mouse." 4. "To Women." 5. "To the Rainbow." 6. "To My Inconstant Mistress." 7. "To a Young Lady." 8. "To the Virgins to Make Much of Time." 9. "To an Insect." 10. "To Celia." 11. "To Autumn." 12. "To Age." 13. "To My Grandmother." 14. "To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars." 15. "To the Dandelion." 16. "To One in Paradise." 17. "To a Skylark." 18. "To a Snowflake." 19. "To the Man-of-War-Bird." 20. "To Sleep."

THE LAST TESTAMENT OF ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST DANGEROUS MEN


MEMOIRS OF
ALFRED ROSENBERG
The Last Testament of One of History's Most Dangerous Men
WITH ANALYTICAL COMMENTARY
SERGE LANG AND ERNST VON SCHENCK
with analytical commentary by SERGE LANG and ERNST VON SCHENCK

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SELECTED POEMS OF JOHN OXENHAM. Edited by Charles L. Wallis. Biographical sketch by Erica Oxenham. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 178 *pp.* $2.

IN ENGLAND NOW. By Ada Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 24 *pp.* $1.60.

THE BLUE STAIRWAY. By Joseph Joel Keith. Cleveland: American Weave. 1948. 28 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

THE duality of natures in John Oxenham, the novelist and poet, and William Arthur Dunkerley, the book salesman, recalls the fiction and reality of Fiona MacLeod and William Sharp, of Lewis Carroll and Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. John Oxenham maintained the fiction for many years, and even when his publishers accepted him as a novelist they spurned him as a poet. Our modern poets striving for a few thousand readers and satisfied with even less, can look with envy on the accomplishments of this frank moralist whose volumes of poetry sold in the hundreds of thousands.

There's something refreshing about the candor of John Oxenham in an age of sophistication and doubt. As a poet he rises above his chosen limitations as a religious teacher by the quality of his images and richness of his experiences in life. To show how the God protects us in our worldly adventure, he uses the symbol of the eyrie:

The mother eagle wrecks the nest
To make her fledglings fly
But watches each with wings outstretched
And fierce maternal eye,
And swopes if any fail to soar
And lands them on the crag once more.

Many of Oxenham's poems read with the majesty of a hymn, and in that category he would stand high with John of Celano, with Watts, Wesley, Faber. If he hasn't the poetic stature of a Cardinal Newman or Francis Thompson, Oxenham shares in their vision of the heavenly portals, and deserves recognition as a prophet of the Christian way of life.

* * *

THIS reviewer distinctly recalls the first poem of Ada Jackson published by Mrs. William Brown Meloney in *This Week*, he shared the editor's enthusiasm for a lively talent. In "In England Now," subtitled "A Latter Day Sampler," Ada Jackson continues to justify the early enthusiasm of E. V. Lucas, Walter de la Mare, and Mrs. Meloney. Her poem interprets English life in an austerity epoch with the empire's glory in eclipse.

Mrs. Jackson, employing the iambic tetrameter with a casual grace and variation of rhyme, presents the daily domestic problems of making ends meet, of being stoically unconcerned with "doing without," and of conjuring faith in a future without immediate promise. There's a little of the flavor of Whittier's "Snowbound" in her household descriptions, although Mrs. Jackson's metrical scheme varies somewhat from Whittier's strict measures.

Empty hooks and empty shelves,
a few ill shapen, ill matched crocks;
old tins and rusty cannisters,
twelve small potatoes in a box.

The inventory goes on, like an expanding zero, and then having feasted on the emptiness about her, she complains:

Oh England was a garden once
with lawns and lakes and avenues.
This England is a street of shops
Encompassed all about with queues.

There is nothing very dramatic in the narration, little more than an accumulation of statement and illustration of a problem. Some of the poem sags from repetitious ideas, but the author successfully evokes a sustained emotion in the telling of drab, time-serving heroism. She opens the "Postscript" with this self-explanatory quatrain to her American friend:

You asked, "How is it with you now?"
I answer you, "Much as you read."
and leave it there, friend Jonathan,
purged all at once of grief and need.

* * *

IN "The Blue Stairway," Joseph Joel Keith presents a prize-winning group of lyrics, one or two of which have appeared in *SRL*. The poet has tremendous sympathy for his fellow man and many of the poems are devoted to the gentle and innocent folk, who somehow get buffeted without cause:

The eyes of children hurt and maligned
darken, and fear,
crouching in the unlit corner,
becomes accustomed
to the lonely darkness.

In a day when poets are known for their sharp elbows and bruising

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works, Keith sings tenderly of the girl with the party dress who gets a stand-off in her date, and of the Country Storekeeper whose eyes measure better than mechanical gauges and scales. One seeks for the larger vision, greater mental reach, and the dramatic climax. It is found occasionally in poems like "Old Meg of Kiltrann," the brief story of the lonely crone and of the dogs who guarded well her secrets:

When Meg and hounds were dead,
they found
a tintype, handsome face,
her husband's grave nearby and no
bones buried in that place.

Versatile Craftsman

SELECTED POEMS. by William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 95 *pp.* $2.50.

AN OLDER generation remembers the large annual anthologies of poetry collected by William Stanley Braithwaite of Boston. A veritable sleuth of rhyme, he read every publication large or small, near or remote in which a poem was published. He loved poetry and his attitude toward the new writer was generous and encouraging. Happy was the young poet to learn that he had won the approving eye of Braithwaite. It is fitting that Braithwaite should be given his just rewards as a poet as well as for his labors as a servant of the muse. His anthology selections are too inclusive to win lasting approval but they are a valuable reference. He is a more discerning taskmaster of his own poems than he was of the work of the poets he gathered in the highways and byways.

Braithwaite is a versatile craftsman, who can open his tool box and fashion a good sonnet, quatrain, or couplet with an admirable deftness. His talent as story-teller is shown in "Fugue in Gardenia," and the philosophic ballad "Sandy Star." One of his most effective poems is the psalm "Off the New England Coast," an eloquent prayer which concludes with the affirmative plea—

Not an inch of thy Beauty to perish,
not an ounce
thy Might to be lost.

Mr. Braithwaite's scope as a poet is limited, and his rhetoric shows no electric images, nor dramatic power. His gift is as quiet and consistent as the pleasure it evokes. To Braithwaite, noble servant of the muse and occasional rider of Pegasus, all lovers of poetry should give thanks.

—A. M. S.

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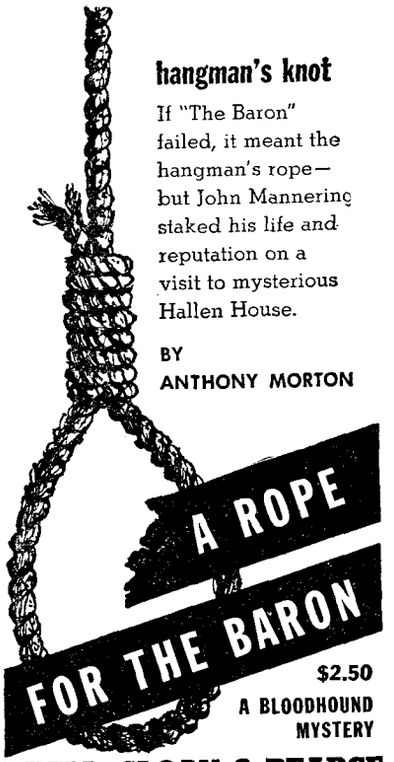
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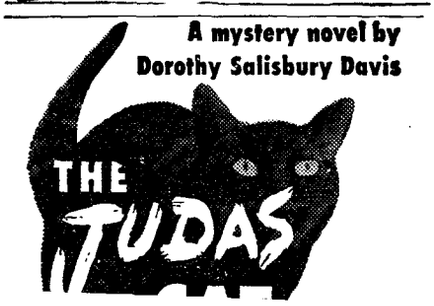

Saints, Sinners & Apparitions

THE CHARITY OF THE STARS. By John Heath-Stubbs. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1949. 110 *pp.* $2.50.

ELEGIES FOR THE DEAD IN CYRENAICA. By Hamish Henderson. London: John Lehmann. 1948. 61 *pp.* 6s.

Reviewed by I. L. SALOMON

THERE is a new poet among us worthy of the name, John Heath-Stubbs, an Englishman, whose first book under an American imprint gives one the instant shock of good poetry. The magnificence of the writing is of such magnitude that "The Charity of the Stars" may well be the most distinguished book of poems to appear in 1949. For here is a gifted poet whose erudition does not intrude upon but complements his material, a poet who handles the lyric, ballad, sonnet with extraordinary skill and the dramatic monologue with psychological penetration.

It is not only Heath-Stubbs's adroitness as a poet that makes this book memorable, but the passion he has found in language, its warmth and fire, and above all how he uses it with restraint. The multiple rhythms he employs as an artist are as varied as his themes, which treat of saints and sinners, kings and beggars, mythological figures, composers and poets. He has something to tell his contemporary craftsmen about the use of the concrete image, the powerful metaphor, the classical allusion, and the breathtaking phrase, for he is in love with words and their sound, with stories and their telling, and with the rapture of song.

Of a girl in "Leporello," he says: "And she has forged her outraged chastity into a blade/Of thin sharp ice-coloured steel." To Hart Crane: "The green-wombed sea proves now a harsher lover." To poets:

Oh under threat of flood and wind and flame
Searing to wide-eyed terror the spring flowers—
Sing on, like blinded linnets in your cage!

At thirty, John Heath-Stubbs is already an accomplished poet. He has mastered the classics, is schooled in experimental writing, and is himself in the best sense a modern poet.

In his "Elegies" Hamish Henderson, a Scot, has tried to produce a "doppelgaenger" effect, where "the troops confronting each other . . . live off each other" and creep like double apparitions across the sands of Africa. His verse, jagged with Gaelic and German phrase, sometimes becomes movingly lyrical. Indebted to Hopkins and Eliot, his erudition clutters the writing. "Heroic Song" is written in bold bardic strophes. Curiously, his "Notes" make more fascinating reading than the "Elegies" themselves.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MORE WORK FOR THE UNDERTAKER *Margery Allingham* (Doubleday: $2.50)	Peculiar poisonings in penurious but proud Palinode clan of London prevent Albert Campion from taking governmental sinecure.	Heavy atmospheric fog—Victorian, Edwardian, Dickensian—softens outlines of grim crimes. Tale rambles at times—but rather pleasantly.	Good
[illegible]	Stabbing of American	Pre-Columbian relvivid Mexican nery, string of yings, and *absoamente* last-secl solution make s tick merrily.	Above average
		me shivery Mongue R. Jamesey ings-on, adroitly nstructed plot, ithe sleuths, and nple dirty work idst moors and ookish ruins.	Acceptable

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Tripping Measures

A SECOND BOOK OF RUSSIAN VERSE. Edited by C. M. Bowra. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 154 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE author of this review is unhappily familiar with the difficulties of translation, which become particularly acute when the verse to be rendered into English is written in a form as full of polysyllabic rhymes and tripping measures as the Russian. But sympathetic as she cannot help but be with Mr. Bowra and his fellow translators, she finds it equally difficult to accept the results of their labors. There are better versions extant of a number of the pieces that he includes, and the work of some of the most interesting poets represented, among them Blok, Mayakovsky, and Pasternak, is offered in versions that do nothing like justice to their performance. There is a scant handful of good pieces here, notably those by the hands of such accomplished writers of verse as Frances Cornford and the late Oliver Elton. Mr. Bowra, who is responsible for the larger number of the translations, makes skilful use of a Housman pattern in his version of Tyutchev's "Spring." This success stands out the more against his many failures. Sometimes the rhythm is ineptly handled, sometimes the rhymes obtrude disagreeably, more often the diction is awkward. A few instances should suffice to indicate the lapses of taste that abound. Thus, both meter and diction destroy the charm of the rendering of a simple "Song" by Koltzov:

One life in the world
I led with him alone,
Gave my soul to his soul,
Joined my life to his own.

One of Akhmatova's delicate lyrics is given a sword-thrust with the line: "From the earth and skies you would me sever." A poem of Blok's contains these remarkable lines:

And it that was before so tender
Strange and another has become

Mr. Bowra is not the sole offender. There are other choice instances, one of the more notable being: "What to the maiden has happened?" But after all, he chose these pieces. One turns the pages asking: "But what to the poets has happened?"

Babette Deutsch is co-compiler with her husband, Avrahm Yarmolinsky, of "Modern Russian Poetry and Russian Poets."

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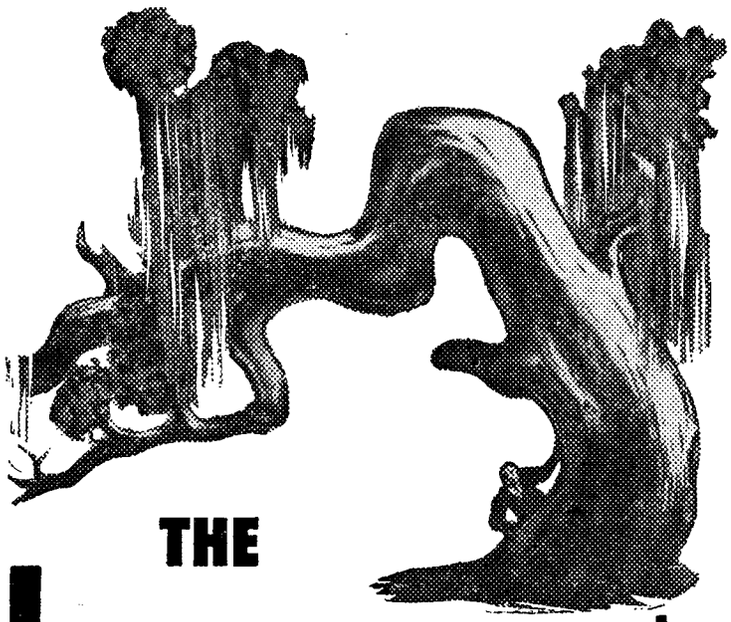

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Seeing Things

OUT OF THE PAST

HIS name, printed on a closed door, caught my eye as I hurried down the corridor to the office of the faculty member who was to guide me to my morning lecture.

Let's say the black letters spelled "Ben Emery." They did not, but that is as near to what they did spell as I dare come. He would hate me if I used his real name. He was always the shyest, the most retiring of men.

I looked twice at those letters on the door. I looked at them with disbelief and excitement. It must be some other Ben Emery, thought I. It couldn't be mine. It couldn't be the one who taught me English in prep school. That was thirty years ago, and I had not heard of him or seen him since. Still it was worth taking the chance.

"Do you happen to know if the Ben Emery whose office is down the hall ever taught at a prep school in New Jersey?" I asked the man who was to guide me around this huge Midwestern campus.

"I don't think he did. At least I never heard of it."

This did not dash my hopes. It raised them. Such silence about himself sounded like the Ben Emery I remembered.

"Would you mind asking him?" I inquired. "Because, if he did teach there, I had the good luck to be one of his students."

Left alone, I was almost sorry I had made such a request. I very much wanted to see Ben Emery again. Over the years I had thought of him many times when trying to write or when enjoying this book or that. There were things I wanted to thank him for. But this business of stirring up memories, of confronting the past with the present or the present with the past, is perilous to say the least. Conrad in quest of his youth is Conrad in quest of what cannot be found, as Leonard Merrick and all the rest of us have discovered to our sorrow.

Two voices reached me from the hall. One of them, though very dry and firm, was nonetheless gentle. Unmistakably it was Ben Emery's. I had heard it too often in class, or when as housemaster he would assemble his dozen or so charges in his room at bedtime to read to us, not to recognize it at once. It had not changed a bit.

I wondered, of course, what he would look like. Thirty years for mortals are not merely three decades. They are the equivalent of several geological periods. Ben Emery had always seemed old to me. Not venerable, mind you. Not that at all. Just ageless old; just grown-up old; just old enough to be addressed unquestioningly as "sir" by those of us who were his pupils.

One trouble with seeing people you have not seen for a long time is that they also get to see you. Suddenly, instead of imagining what Ben Emery would look like, I began to wonder what I would look like to him. I had been eighteen when he last saw me. Or was it seventeen? My hair was then red. Not only red and airedale bushy but complete. My face . . . . Before I could go further with this dismaying inventory of change and erosion, Ben Emery was in the room.

I would have known him anywhere. Why not? Although there was more of him, more to his face, more to his jowls, and more to his waistline than I remembered, he was the same tense little man he had been thirty years ago. His eyes were the same china-blue, capable of brightening or fading according to his interest. Though rounder, his face, with its small nose and firm but kind mouth, remained moonlit in its pallor. His suit was as rumpled as ever, his colored shirt as wrinkled, and his dark tie gathered into as clumsy a knot. His forehead, to be sure, was a little higher but his plentiful hair was still sandy. I noticed that at once, with envy.

"Sir," I surprised myself by saying, "Mr. Emery, sir," as I scrambled to my feet. "It's good to see you again. I couldn't believe that it would be . . ."

"So it's you," said he, shaking my hand and disguising by word and manner that he had to look hard to rediscover in me the me he had known. "After all these years." What was passing through his mind, I do not know. He was considerate enough to mask the shock. I know what I was thinking. It was that those who do not teach fail to be protected against the years by that kind cottoning—is it contact with youth?—which can keep teachers young.

We plunged with some embarrassment into talk. Ten minutes is less than a thimble into which to try to pour the accumulation of thirty years. We had our stabs at "Do-you-remember?" We had our quick interchanges of "What-has-become-of-Peter?" and "Have-you-seen-Jim-or Henry-lately?"

Pleasant as they were, these racing minutes were not easy. I found myself forgetting my age intermittently and, quite foolishly, feeling as if I were eighteen. That is the effect teachers have on us. Neither they nor we can at once outgrow that past relationship. I made my valiant, even my ostentatious, attempts to do so. Or rather my subconscious did. Once I startled myself by calling him "Ben." Right out. Just like that. Right to his face. He did not bat an eye.

The age business bothered me. If this moment I felt young again, at the next I felt old; infinitely older than Ben Emery. Not in years. Years had long since ceased to matter. In exposure; in the lack of that protection from life—indeed, of that insulation against it—which teachers enjoy and campuses create.

IN THE presence of a third person, it was hard to put into words the gratitude I felt. It would have been hard to thank Ben Emery had we been alone. I wanted to. I tried to—stammeringly. Yet each time I attempted to do so, he pinkened, just the way he used to pinken when he was about to send a boy out of the room, and changed the subject.

Among many things, quickly touched upon, he told me he had given up teaching composition and literature, and moved into some cactus-dry field of research where he was happy. Far from making me happy, this news saddened me. It saddened me no end. I would have as soon heard that Heifetz, because of crushing his hands in an accident, had been forced to give up the violin.

When, as adults, we think of the "great" teachers we have had, we are apt to think, if we are college graduates, of the flamboyant, the full-fledged, figures who dazzled and delighted us by speaking to us for the

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first time as adults in our college days. If Harvard-bred, and of a fortunate vintage, we have a Kittredge, a Copeland, a Baker, a Lowes, or a Bliss Perry as our ideal. Properly so. Because the flame, however different, blazed in each of these extraordinary men.

Our memories, like our standards, tend to be quite different when it comes to those who have taught us in grade school, high school, or prep school. We have a way of taking them for granted because all too many of them took us and their subjects for granted. We remember the names, the looks, even the personalities of the best of them. And sometimes even the special affection we felt for them, whether it was hopeless puppy love or frank hero worship. The stricter they were, the harder they worked us, the more in retrospect we respect them. By then our escape from their discipline has made this possible. Yet, unless they were exceptional, we are inclined to forget precisely what it was that they taught us. We forget this just as we overlook the difficulties of the teaching assignment they faced.

Theirs is, and always has been, a harder task than that confronting the professors. They have to housebreak us while filling our minds; be policemen and baby-sitters no less than prophets; and second parents, doing all those things for us that parents never get around to doing, at the same time that they function as quite independent guides and stimulants.

Our limitations are their concern; our immaturity is the problem which they, as mature people, cannot overlook and must live with. We come to them too young to enable them to shine as titans. Instead of permitting their minds to gallop ahead, they must hold them in check as pacemakers for our own. They must speak our language rather than indulge to the full in theirs. Their need for patience is greater than their need for scholarship. They are the friends of youth whose mission it is to help us outgrow it. A contagious curiosity or an igniting enthusiasm serves them better in the schoolroom than all the pyrotechnics, eloquence, wit, and learning which are the staples of those figures who stand out on the campus.

When I knew and studied under Ben Emery he was a secondary school teacher who relished what he was doing. His quietness was part of his force. Plainly he felt more than he could phrase. He loved literature with an affection which was epidemic. He knew its beauties and had the carrying gift, that gift so essential to teachers and so uncommon

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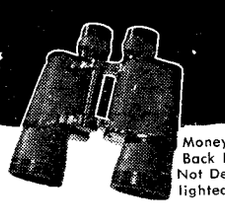

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among them. What he cared for, he could make others care for. He was not frightened by the best. Classics for him were simply good books which had never ceased to be contemporary, though written in an earlier age.

He was a well-read man when I studied with him, and not, I suppose, a learned one. His knowledge was not of that juiceless, bloodless, irrelevant, and dusty variety which some scholars acquire out of professional need, and others because by temperament and taste . they are themselves juiceless, bloodless, irrelevant, and dusty. He did not read to produce unreadable treatises; he read to enjoy.

An English sentence was something he respected. He treated it as grammar when duty compelled him to break it down into its component parts. Yet he preferred to deal with a sentence as music; a music which with him was instinctive since he possessed an unusually fine ear. No doubt much of what he taught us was as elementary as we deserved and as it had to be. His teaching, however, was blessed with those rare, those needed, virtues. It was eye-opening, ear-quickening, vista-exploring, and exciting. I know it was for me.

TO HAVE Ben Emery lost to composition, lost to the history of literature, and devoted to some side alley subject, seems to me a casualty in a profession where such casualties are costly. That he is good at his new and very specialized subject, I do not doubt. But the gift to teach the living stuffs of English—indeed, the gift to teach at all—is as exceptional as all other creative gifts.

The failure of education to "take" among so many of those exposed to it in this country is a proof of this. In all too many of our colleges, we pride ourselves on the numbers turned out rather than upon what has been taken in. The Ford body may be produced on the assembly belt but the quickened mind cannot be. Although without dispute teachers deserve more pay, more pay will not necessarily produce good teachers. Teaching to be good needs more teachers like the Ben Emery I remember. Truly he did not teach to live but lived to teach, and in the process added to the living of those he taught.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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AMERICA'S NOVELISTS

(Continued from page 8)

remains true to its inner logic. As he endures the nightmare of the war, he gradually changes from a civilized young German who believes in Hitler but who can still discriminate between "good" and "bad" Nazis into a defeated, frightened subhuman in whom all power of discrimination has been destroyed. He is brutalized and corrupted in strict accordance with the brutal and corrupt picture of war which Shaw presents.

But the Americans, Noah Ackerman and Michael Whitacre, not only progress from a condition of civilian futility to a condition of positive strength and purpose in the midst of the war but become symbols, respectively, of Jewish fortitude and Park Avenue valor. This is achieved, unfortunately, at the expense of their plausibility as human beings and of the impression they have previously made as characters. For to equip them for the role which he wishes them to play Shaw has to endow Ackerman with a wholly incredible capacity for taking punishment and a sense of loyalty to a friend which is out of all proportion to the friendship as it is portrayed; and he has to transform Whitacre from a man who has never believed in the war into a man who, nonetheless, takes positive action in the name of the war. In addition, he is required to introduce a number of one-dimensional characters who are intended to function as concrete examples of racial tolerance (like the company commander, Captain Green) and of general human goodness (like the Chaplain), but whose manifest artificiality serves to convince us that they belong not to life or to war but to Shaw's superimposed conception of what life and war should be or might eventually become.

Taken on the superficial reportorial level at which its subject-matter is introduced, Merle Miller's slick Hemingwayish novel about life in Manhattan during the first year after the war is competent, readable, and even occasionally extraordinary. But taken on the level of the ideas which it presents, "That Winter" shows symptoms of the same dilemma.

On the subject-matter level, the novel is concerned with a group of bright, hard-bitten young people very much like those in "The Sun Also Rises." They talk with the same terseness; they make love, have fights, and drink too much just as often; and they view themselves and their predicament with the same degree of sadness

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and futility. The way of life presented is, in other words, suited only to a negation of, or at best an indifference to, positive values. But on the ideological level, the novel is concerned with the triumph of the individual will over the problems of racial discrimination, moral inertia, and artistic compromise. The ideas presented, that is, are affirmations of values. The fact that these two levels are never merged but exist widely apart is perhaps the greatest weakness of the book.

Peter and Lew, Miller's young veterans, emerge as cliché types rather than as human beings. Peter is indistinguishable from the thousand bright young men who sell their souls every year for an editorial job on some magazine. Lew is simply another case-history in race prejudice. The same is true of some of the minor figures. All of them are failures because Miller cannot find those affirmative values in the material which he puts into the novel. Like Mailer, Burns, and Shaw, he perceives the need for hope and belief in a frame in which only denial and futility are possible.

Gore Vidal's first novel, "Williwaw," is a slight and unpretentious story of the war. It too is written in the clipped Hemingway manner; the sentences appear to have been telegraphed and then pasted over the page; but there are no signs of Hemingway's purposeful understatement, his suggestion of hidden layers of immense, unspoken meaning. The approach is literal and bald, the props have been carefully cut away rather than concealed, and the effect is cold and a trifle flat. Yet there is evidence of real, if premature mastery in the handling of the central situation—the struggle of the men to bring their ship through the storm—and more than an intimation of potential insight in the brief characterizations.

But the real power of "Williwaw" lies in the faithfulness of its intention to its impact, its tone to its material. Before the storm the men on the ship quarrel continually among themselves. During the storm, the coordinated effort required to keep the ship afloat temporarily triumphs over their individual differences. But as soon as the storm is over, the monotonous routine resumes, and the conflict among the men moves toward its inevitable climax as if nothing whatever had happened. The ship's engineer is half-accidentally, half-purposely killed. Everyone on board suspects the man responsible, but none will accuse him. Even the officer who has evidence of the man's guilt decides to say nothing.

The final effect is similar to that of "The Naked and the Dead"—a complete reduction to zero. But where the parts of Mailer's story anticipated a protest in the conclusion, "Williwaw" moves logically through the futility of its parts to the climaxing futility at its end.

"In a Yellow Wood," his second novel, has a larger intention. and, consequently, a smaller margin of safety. At first glance, the entire central problem of the book seems to be a failure; and that because it is never a problem at all. Robert Holton, the main character, does not choose between two divergent roads—a life of mediocre security or a life of passion and excitement; he is already, from the moment we encounter him, committed to the former. But it soon becomes clear that it is because the problem is a failure that the book as a whole is not. Holton cannot abandon his way of life without contradicting the impression Vidal gives us of him.

Holton is the victim of forces over which he has no control, forces of prejudice, convention, and sobriety that have paralyzed his will. The sudden reappearance of Carla, his old lover, momentarily threatens the dull equilibrium of his life. At one time

(*Continued on page* 42)

LINCOLN HOAX EXPOSED

"IN 1879, when the *North American Review* published extracts of *The Diary of a Public Man,* the book immediately became an important historical source. It purported to be a diary kept during the winter of 1860-61, in Washington. The story of Douglas' behavior at Lincoln's inaugural (Lincoln had no place to lay his hat, fidgeted with it, until Douglas stepped forward and took it from him) is one of the many familiar stories that come from this famous diary. James Ford Rhodes, Carl Sandburg, Ida Tarbell and other Lincoln biographers accepted the book as genuine; only the biographer of Charles Sumner doubted its authenticity.

The Public Man

"Thirty-five years ago, Frank Maloy Anderson, professor of history at the University of Minnesota and later at Dartmouth, set out to identify the anonymous diarist. His findings have just been published. He had at last located his man, and had come to a surprising conclusion.

"The Mystery of 'A Public Man' is amusing as a description of the trials and errors of an academic detective. It also unmasks some historical fairy tales. The diary has been one of the sources of the stories of Lincoln's homespun humor. This book shows that many of them were no more valid than the legends about Calvin Coolidge."—TIME MAGAZINE

"Anderson's ingenuity, his infinitely patient and incredibly thoro research, cannot even be summarized here. All that can be said is that he proves beyond reasonable doubt that the 'Diary' is in part pure fiction and in part the after-the-event elaboration of a genuine, tho apparently meager contemporary record. And in the proving—which includes the establishment of the diarist's identity—he writes as fascinating a tale of historical detection as a reader is ever likely to encounter."
—*Paul M. Angle,* CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"His book is a fine piece of entertainment, a triumph of scholarship, an achievement in literary sleuthing, a new light on an eventful era, an answer to a long concealed riddle of American history."— WASH. POST

"I invite all mystery lovers and all history lovers to read the book. They will be entranced by the methods of deduction, the criteria for inclusion, the running of the tests, and the genial manner of the retired professor turned detective."
—*Milwaukee Journal*

"One of the neatest stories of historical detective work ever put on record." —*Lewis Gannett,*
N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

THE MYSTERY OF "A PUBLIC MAN"

By Frank Maloy Anderson

$3.75, THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS
Minneapolis 14, Minn.
At all bookstores

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Mainly Mechanical

THAT we are all of us moviegoers today is just as much taken for granted as that we are all of us motorists. And as the very word "motorist" has thus acquired an old-fashioned sound and an aura of veils, goggles, and dusty roads, so our moviegoing has become a weekly commonplace. Most of us have lost interest in whether our autos have their valves in the head or at the side, or whether they can climb such and such a famous grade in high gear. Such talk is twenty years old. Similarly, the day when a moviegoer would say, "The sound wasn't so good on that picture, was it?," or, "Didn't it look a little fuzzy sometimes?" has long faded from memory.

Lapped in the comfort of a resilient chair, his head automatically tilted to the angle of the screen, today's moviegoer is bathed in a melodious current of sound, and basks in the light of the images which flow past his eyes in liquid succession. Nothing disturbs his trancelike state of well-being, his identification with the wonderland which lies beyond the screen.

But what is this? Our friend's dream has been rudely shattered. The seat beneath him has become angular and unyielding, and his nether members tell him that the show has lasted much too long. He finds that he must dodge to and fro past a moving sea of heads to get a full look at the screen —a screen which dimly reflects an image fuzzy at the edges and lacking most of that glossy quality which used to let him "feel himself through" so easily into the world of film. And it is not only his eyes that are strained. The spoken word must compete with the echoes which chase it from corner to corner of the room; and often it reaches him distorted like the twenty-dollar mantel radio long relegated to junior's playroom.

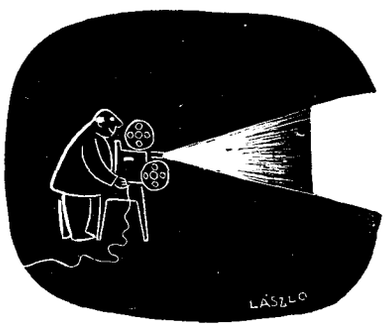
The film ends, and after a long pause another takes its place. But this one has every appearance of mania, for the characters are standing on their heads and unintelligible jargon comes from their lips. A titter runs round the audience, the projectionist mumbles his apologies, the light goes on again and the film is laboriously rewound.

Yes, you have guessed it. Our friend is at a typical 16mm. screening; that is the explanation for his nightmare. Is it surprising that 16mm. programs almost always seem too long? That people stay away from them in droves, as they did when flickering almost killed the movies fifty years ago? It is as if we were forced to read from torn and crumpled books, piecing each sentence together with infinite care.

If this were the whole 16mm. story, we could as well close up this department and go home. It is true that most 16mm. shows are marred, and many are spoiled, by these irritating defects which are sensed by the audience even when they are not clearly recognized. But what is possible on 16mm.—commercially and not merely in the laboratory—is far beyond what is common practice. One of America's greatest technical authorities on the 16mm. film remarked quizzically the other day, "Why don't you tell your readers that there's no good reason why 16mm. sound should be held down to the poor quality in the theatres?" What he meant was that the Academy standard, laid down long ago to take account of obsolete sound equipment, does in fact fall much below the very best that can be recorded on 16mm.

It is easy to blame this gap between the possible and the actual on the projector manufacturer, whose business it is to create the film image in light and sound. But the manufacturer deserves every sympathy. Each individual picture on his strip of film is half the size of a postage stamp—but it has to stand up to critical scrutiny when enlarged to the size of an El Greco! And this film travels at less than half the speed of its 35mm. theatre counterpart, making the sound more than twice as difficult to record.

Yet the projector which is supposed to make 16mm. film look like 35mm. cannot be heavily built or professionally maintained. It must be light enough for a hundred-pound school teacher to lift, and simple enough for a twelve-year-old kid to operate. At the same time it may have to stand up to rough jolting in an automobile along country roads as it is moved from one village to another for mobile screenings.



For packing all these capacities into their machines—albeit in very varying degree—the manufacturers deserve the greatest credit. True, the hundred-dollar projector promised during the war is still a mirage. But for the price of a television set, a really good 16mm. projector can be bought which will bring to any club or union local or social group in the smallest village throughout the country a picture of the world and how it lives and what it is thinking.

In the six months since *SRL*'s Film Department was set up, mail has poured in to it from places as far away as Ireland and the Argentine, Alaska, and Honolulu. A soil conservationist in Oregon has sent for a print of "The River" following a mention in an *SRL* article. Finding that it has made a tremendous hit in his talks on soil erosion, he has become so interested in film that he plans to move full-time into production and distribution of 16mm. pictures. What is the best way to go about it, he asks. The YMCA in a Connecticut city has seen a review of a group of pictures about parents and children, and wishes to integrate the whole series into a program of meetings on family relations. An industrial concern is interested to know what films are available on labor-management relations. And so it goes on.

Without the 16mm. sound projector, this vast and growing use of film could not exist. Yet the machine itself is often ignored. It is chosen almost haphazardly. Its maintenance is neglected. It is operated by untrained people. No thought is given to the room where a screening is to take place. The result is all too often mechanical failure, and an acute feeling of frustration and disappointment in the audience. As a result, 16mm. gets a bad name.

This issue of IDEAS ON FILM is devoted to giving some pointers to the 16mm. film user to help him choose and operate his machine to best advantage. With the growth of 16mm. production all over the world, it should yield him a rich reward in many years of pleasure.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

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16mm. *We devote our article this month to an editorial report on some of the guideposts to wise choice of a 16mm. projector. Following this we publish a survey made of motion-picture machines in the under-$400 class.*

Choosing a Projector

YOU can't buy a sound projector like a pound of sugar at the store. There are tremendous differences between one machine and another—some of them too technical for the layman to evaluate, others well within his powers of judgment if he knows what to look for and how to appraise what he sees.

Let us suppose that you, as a potential purchaser, have a pretty clear idea of your price ceiling. It may be $300, $400, $500, or on up to $800, your range of choice increasing all the way. But what is your chief need? Are you going to use the machine for entertainment in the home? Then your demands will be less critical, and the lowest price bracket may well satisfy you. Is it to be a classroom projector? You should go for light weight, ease of threading, a bright clear picture, and sound which is pleasant to listen to at moderate levels.

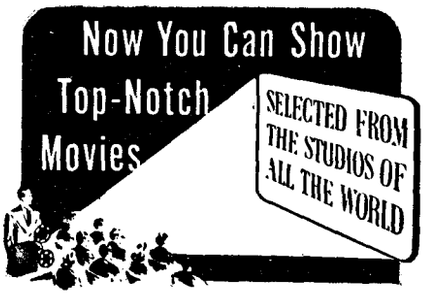
Or are you going to put the projector into field service, giving screenings at several different places each week, often in big auditoriums, using films which will have to reproduce music at high levels and with the best sound quality? Then you must look more carefully still, examining the machine all over for rigidity of construction and accessibility of the parts, and testing it at high volume levels and on a large screen. Is the tone control flexible so that you can handle rooms with bad acoustics? Is there plenty of undistorted volume in reserve? Is the picture steady and sharp under the largest magnifications?

In asking and answering these questions, you will probably whittle down the choice to two or three machines. It is here that the most careful judgment is needed. Not only is the price of a projector fairly high, but the picture and sound quality, and the useful life of the films you screen on it, will depend on the wisdom of your choice.

Projectors can only be compared satisfactorily if they are tested side by side (preferably in the room where you will use the machine), with the same films projected alternately on each. Two test films should be used, one chosen for its excellent picture quality, the other for its good sound.

When judging the picture, switch off the sound, as this will only prove a distraction. Pay particular attention to the sharpness of the picture, especially at the corners and edges, and note how much refocusing is necessary to make the center sharp and then the margins of the field. Notice how steady the picture is; any movement can be measured by going close to the screen and placing a ruler against the image of the frame line. Next the two machines should be run alternately without film, and careful comparisons made of brightness, evenness, and lack of flicker. In the brightness test, the lamps in the two machines should be reversed, as they may differ in spite of having the same rating.

The sound test should include both speech and music, and should be projected without picture for closer concentration. The tone control(s) should be turned to see how much variation of sound quality is provided. Next the



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volume should be turned up high, and any signs of overloading (distortion) and loudspeaker buzz or rattle looked for at the sound levels you expect to be using. Remember that an adequate reserve of undistorted volume is the best guarantee against unsatisfactory sound. A peculiarly unpleasant (and also very common) fault is "wow" or flutter, which is a sort of wobble or vibrato on sustained musical notes. It shows up worst on the violin or French horn, and in piano solos. Speech should be crisp and clear, with plenty of "esses" but no harsh sibilants.

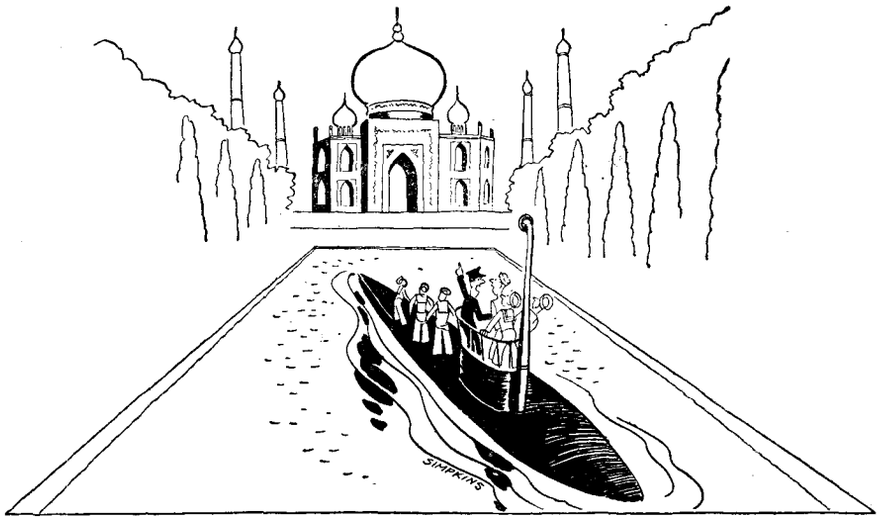
However good your sound and picture may be, a projector is going to be nothing but a liability if it damages film. The replacement cost of a reel of color film is about $50, and a single screening with a badly designed or badly maintained projector may damage it irreparably. The expansion of free film library service may be gravely held back if expensive prints are chewed up on projectors. Your only direct check here is to make sure that the machine is well built and that all rollers in the film path turn freely. Any sign of "cheap" workmanship is an immediate danger signal. A good reputation among users of the machine is your best safeguard, however.

Other points to notice are described in a simply written pamphlet published by the Society of Motion Picture Engineers and entitled "Recommended Procedure and Equipment Specifications for Educational 16mm. Projection." Your film editor also deals comprehensively with 16mm. equipment and practices in his forthcoming "Film and Its Techniques," to be published by the University of California Press.

Projectors Under $400

MOST of the higher priced machines on the market are by now well known through the many years of satisfactory service they have given. Recently, however, a number of old, established manufacturers have introduced simplified models, lacking a few of the refinements of their bigger machines, but providing perfectly satisfactory basic projection for smaller audiences. They have been joined by a number of new enterprises, whose machines have yet to build themselves a reputation, but who have been able to start from scratch and incorporate a number of novel ideas.

In presenting this selected list of under-$400 16mm. sound projectors, we would call attention to the fact that all but one of them can accommodate the largest 2,000-ft. reels, and



will run at silent as well as sound speed. Most of these machines are equipped with 4-5 watt amplifiers against the 10-12 watts of the larger projectors.

Moviemite. A machine designed to a very low weight and price, for use by salesmen and in the home. A 300-watt lamp, combined with an efficient shutter, provides adequate light for medium-size screens. Weight: 26 lbs. Power: AC/DC. Amplifier: 4 watts. Speaker: 6 inches. $198.50.

Revere. An adaptation of the silent machines for which this company has long been famous, the Revere has been designed with very smart appearance in view. It carries 1,600-ft. reels only. Weight: 33 lbs. Power: AC/DC. Amplifier: 4 watts. Speaker: 6 inches. Stationary sound drum. Lamp: 750 watts. $297.50.

Victor (Envoy). A simplified version of the long-tested Victor projector, retaining however the well-known safety film-trip device. Weight 30 lbs. Power: AC/DC. Amplifier: 4 watts. Speaker: 6 inches. Stationary sound drum. Lamp: 750 watts. Price: $295.

Natco. A simplified model of a machine which was introduced for service use in World War II. Built as an assembly on the front of a single panel, it has excellent accessibility for repair. An 8-inch loudspeaker is standardized. Weight: 37 lbs. Power AC/DC. Amplifier: 5 watts. Lamp: 750-1,000 watts. $298.50.

De Vry (Bantam). The product of a firm having long experience in theatre and high-priced 16mm. projector design, this machine incorporates excellent standard practice in all its components. Weight: 31 lbs. Power: AC/DC. Amplifier: 4 watts. Speaker: 6 inches. Lamp: 750-1,000 watts. $345.

Forway (10A). A new design incorporating several of the features of larger machines, notably a 10-watt amplifier. The mechanism is also extremely accessible for repair. Weight: 35½ lbs. Power: AC/DC motor (AC amplifier). Speaker: 6 inches. Lamp: 750-1,000 watts. $345.

Victor (Lite-Weight). With a very similar specification to the Victor *Envoy*, this model adds reverse operation and still-frame projection, as well as a more powerful amplifier. Weight: 37 lbs. Power: AC or AC/DC. Amplifier: 8 watts (AC model). Speaker: 6 inches. Stationary sound drum. Lamp: 750-1,000 watts. Price: $375.

Ampro (Century). This also is a simplified version of a well-established machine. The Ampro is notable for its quiet running. Weight: 48 lbs. Power: AC only. Amplifier: 5 watts. Speaker: 6 inches. Lamp: 750-1,000 watts. Price $395.

Among the best-known manufacturers not represented in this medium-price field are Eastman Kodak, Bell & Howell, and RCA Victor. Their equipment will be discussed in a later issue.

Song in Eden

By Louis Kent

EVA, I would not have you
Ever believe (believe me)
On earth and under heaven
There is nothing of evil.

For there is nothing can save you
(Believe, O believe me!)
Being loved, loving even,
But believing in the Devil.

If you believe I love you
(And I believe you believe me)
Listen: all earth is not evil . . .
Yes: there is evil in heaven . . .

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The Film Forum

TRADE AND MONEY — *The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

STUFF FOR STUFF

Produced by Philip Ragan Assoc., Philadelphia, Pa. Available from Film Program Services, 1173 6th Ave., New York, N. Y. (16 mins.)

It was Stuart Chase who coined the vivid phrase which titles this film, and it is Chase's philosophy of the very concrete basis of world trade which underlies the film's thinking. In it Ragan has carried further than ever before his lucid use of animated figures to dissect complicated economic ideas. He starts by showing us on a series of friezes the expanding trade of the Egyptians and Phoenicians, who were the first peoples to use river and ocean traffic as a means of adding to their material stock of goods. Then, sweeping across the centuries, he traces how the great explorers and adventurers opened the markets of the world and multiplied a thousandfold our economic choice.

The world is now inextricably tied together by its trade routes. But two great wars bridged by a boom and a depression have taught us that this skein can become hopelessly tangled if nations think only of themselves in settling their economic relations. A thousand men laid off in Detroit will mean less purchasing of imported articles, fewer American goods indispensable to the rest of the world. A factory may thus have to close down in Coventry or Turin or Hamburg or Lille. Unemployment can be exported just as easily as automobiles.

The film is notable for its interesting animation and for an excellent score by Louis Applebaum. It demonstrates convincingly that foreign trade is indeed "stuff for stuff."

ROUND TRIP

Produced for The Twentieth Century Fund by The World Today, Inc. Availability: as above. (20 mins.)

Complementing the general argument of "Stuff for Stuff," this film discusses in human terms the pros and cons of foreign trade. Why should a machinist in Detroit export a lathe with which another fellow in Coventry may make some gadget which, exported to America, will help to put a New Yorker out of business? Isn't a guy in Brazil who gets a tenth the wage of an American worker likely to undersell on the world market and so contribute to American unemployment? The film uses the screen itself as a medium for an international free-for-all, in which the argument may sometimes get a little too involved.

The broad argument, however, is clear enough. Trade is a round trip in which goods must keep coming as well as going. Nations cannot unilaterally change their trade policies. They should work with UN's International Trade Organization to hammer out a joint economic policy. Above all, the fellow behind the lathe, whatever language he speaks, should realize that protection isn't the answer to more general prosperity; rather it is a means of hogging what we have already got, thus risking a general depression.

MONEY TO LOAN

An M.G.M. picture in the Crime Does Not Pay Series. Available from Teaching Films Custodians, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. (20 mins.)

Metro's excellent Crime Does Not Pay Series did a fine civic job in the theatres until rising studio costs forced its suspension. Now many of its best titles are available in 16mm. Despite the slambang melodrama of the approach, much hard-headed good sense is packed into this exciting twenty-minute story of loan sharks and how they chisel their clients. It may be doubted whether the strong-arm methods of the Hanley Company would long survive law-enforcement action in most cities, but certainly the extortionate interest rates and brutal repossession policies could be matched over and over again.

The film contrives to give a realistic picture of the Hanley Company's many ingenious tricks to fool the public out of its money. It shows how difficult it is to bring these successfully before the courts, until the company goes too far in its resorts to violence and an old man gets bumped off. The warning is: take good advice before you borrow; go to a reliable loan company.

THE STORY OF MONEY

Produced by Gryphon Films, London. Available from British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. (15 mins.)

Tracing the history of money back to primitive man, this film shows how in the earliest times barter became inconvenient, and objects of rarity and small size, like cowrie shells and silver ornaments, came into use as a medium of exchange. At first valued only for the weight of precious metal it contained, money came later on to acquire a token value, and pieces of paper—promissory notes—began to be accepted in lieu of the money and goods which backed them.

In a series of vignettes of early trading practices, the film traces the growth of banks out of goldsmiths' shops, and the gradual establishment of the idea of credit as a means of transferring goods without the passage of any property of real value. Although quite elementary in treatment, "The Story of Money" makes clear and precise a lot of ideas that float rather vaguely in the back of most people's heads.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

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AMERICA'S YOUNG NOVELISTS

(*Continued from page 8*)

she stood for all that Holton admired —love, freedom, and irresponsibility. But the past is dead, and Holton, having missed the opportunity for choice, can only continue to be what he has become. The necessity of love and affirmative action in a society based on fear, futility, and repression is clearly Vidal's answer; but the best he can do is dramatize the futility and through it point out the necessity. If Vidal had allowed Holton to break free and join Carla he would have had to go against the facts of Holton's character and predicament; and he would have been guilty of Miller's mistake in "That Winter."

"The City and the Pillar" has been called an immoral book, an inept book, and a social tract. Critics, upon discovering that its theme is homosexuality, have been repulsed. Others have been patronizing in their insistence that such a subject, while unpleasant, should be aired.

Actually, homosexuality is pertinent to the book only to the extent that it provides Vidal with a frame large enough for what he has to say. Love between man and woman would not be satisfactory; for in our society such love is the rule. But homosexuality is not only a forbidden relationship but one which, because it is forbidden, must often be incomplete. It serves as an excellent dramatic symbol, therefore, of the incompleteness of all human relations and especially of the relation of love.

To such a conception Vidal brings a deeper understanding of character and a new awareness of the implications of his theme. It began to be evident in the closing section of "In a Yellow Wood" that futility was too narrow a view for the full expansion of Vidal's sympathies and that as long as he resorted to it any affirmation of values would have to be superimposed on the action. In "The City and the Pillar" Vidal reverses himself and makes of love an ideal for which his characters are continually searching. The affirmation is now in the search and the hope behind it; the theme is centered squarely in the action.

All the characters are portrayed in the act of struggle. All are searching for the perfect union of love, and all, with the possible exception of Maria, fail to find it. Because they do struggle and desire strongly enough to dare to hope, their failure to fulfill themselves has immediate consequences, tragic consequences for them and for society. It is for this reason that the novel represents a distinct gain for Vidal. When one considers that Vidal has succeeded not merely in putting futility behind him but in making a tragic affirmation in the midst of futility, his achievement becomes impressive indeed.

TRUMAN CAPOTE'S "Other Voices, Other Rooms" must be regarded as a turning away from the new dilemma and a momentary flight into grotesqueness. It is a carefully sculptured, baroquely impressionistic account of emerging homosexuality in an adolescent boy. The other characters—the paralytic father who bounces tennis balls down the stairs when he wants attention; the effeminate cousin Randolph locked away from reality in his private, other room; the demented Miss Amy; the savage child Idabel; and the perverted Miss Wisteria—are all projections of an ancestral evil to which the boy is irresistibly drawn.

The novel is a precocious, narrowly brilliant attempt; but its major failure invalidates it for consideration with the best of the new fiction. The characters are vividly drawn, even memorable; but they connote nothing. They never transcend the limits of their private being or reveal a larger significance than their own. The view throughout is wholly interior; the voices and rooms are distinguished by their otherness, not by their symbolism or their meaningful reference to life.

It may be that "Other Voices, Other Rooms" will prove to be the most interesting stylistic departure to be made by a member of the younger literary generation. It may also be that Capote will prove to be the best thing that has happened to our literature since Hemingway and the most powerful antidote since Faulkner to the tradition of numbness and understatement which Hemingway introduced. But what he has given us so far is an exquisitely cut emerald, an expensive ornamental device. We may admire it, for it is indeed admirable, but we cannot identify the shadowy forms it reflects nor ascertain its true value or usefulness.

The dilemma of the new younger novelists is reflected, as I have attempted to show, in almost everything they have written up to now. In the novels of Norman Mailer, John Horne Burns, Irwin Shaw, and Merle Miller it appears as a split in art between the values which these writers are struggling to affirm and the material which they present. Gore Vidal in "The City and the Pillar" has been nearly successful in bringing the two together in a single dramatic whole; while Truman Capote has avoided the problem altogether.

If these and other new writers manage at some time in the future to resolve their dilemma and produce an artistically effective literature of hope and affirmation, it will not be because they will have been persuaded to turn their backs on the truth or to concern themselves with only the more pleasant and inspiring half-truths of their time. It will be because they will have found a new and different reality which they can use in their writing as a reinforcement rather than a contradiction of the values in which they wish now to believe.

John W. Aldridge, lecturer in literary criticism at the University of Vermont, has contributed to Harper's Magazine *and "Penguin New Writing." He is at work on a book on new writers which will be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

Postscript to "Moby Dick"

By Gerhard Friedrich

THE great albino whale is on the loose,
As when the Pequod chased him round the world.
And many a line will turn into a noose
And strangle the harpooner who had hurled
The leveled lance. And many a daring boat
Will be stove in and changed into a hearse.
And many a fervent prayer and a gloat
Will prove a final judgment and a curse.

We have our Ahabs and Fedallahs yet
Who search the seven seas for Moby Dick.
But what they would destroy, that they beget,
Defeated by their own disastrous trick.
And Starbuck only, in the dead of night,
Sees far beyond the doom Nantucket Light.

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MIDWINTER HIGHLIGHTS

BOOKS for boys and girls dated 1949 are coming in now, and the florist windows are blooming with daffodils, primroses, and tulips—signs of spring in a winter that is being unusually mild for Manhattan. The Spring Festival of the *New York Herald Tribune* has announced its dates and plans, and the Newberry and Caldecott awards are coming when the decision is made, not waiting for the annual conference of the American Library Association in June. This department is deeply interested in the news that the illustrator of "My Father's Dragon" is making the lithographs for Lewis Gannett's book about his week-end adventures on a Connecticut hillside, that Edward Ardizonne has made a new picture book for little children, designed by Grace Hogarth and printed in England, that the television studios are planning new and original programs for boys and girls, that Louise Seaman Bechtel is taking Mrs. Becker's place on the *Herald Tribune Books*, that the annual Antique Show in March is dedicated to the New York Public Library and will include an exhibit of its activities, manned by "real" librarians. These are only a few of the exciting events that herald the coming of spring. It promises to be a lively season.

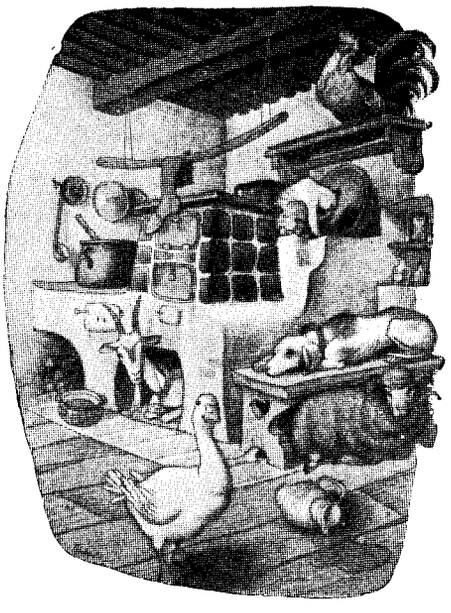
—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE FLYING POSTMAN. Written and Illustrated by V. H. Drummond. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. *No paging.* $1.

THIS is one of the Porpoise Books, designed by Grace Allen Hogarth and published in England by Penguin Books. It is the story of Mr. Musgrove, the flying postman of a village called Pagnum Moss. While he was doing stunts to amuse the village children, Mr. Musgrove rammed his auto-giro into the steeple of the village church. He was promptly dismissed by the postmaster general and his giro retired to a garage for repairs. Mr. Musgrove had a very handsome cow named Nina and a bed of strawberries in his garden. So he and Mrs. Musgrove made strawberry ice cream, sold it with great success, and would have been very happy if Mr. Musgrove had not missed his giro and his postman's uniform. Then the postmaster general was thrown from his horse and restored by the Musgrove ice cream. He was so pleased with it that he gave Mr. Musgrove back his job and his uniform *and* his giro, now completely mended. This is a good story. The pictures, printed in bright colors, are lively and amusing.

PAUL: The Hero of the Fire. By Edward Ardizzone. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 40 *pp.* $1.

ANOTHER Porpoise book, written and illustrated by the author of "Little Tim," this tells the story of Paul, who, learning that his parents were short of money to keep the house and support the family, found employment as a helper at the merry-go-round in a circus. One day there was a fire in the circus lot and Paul, keeping his head in an admirable manner, led the animals and the children to safety through a hole in the wooden fence. He was rewarded with a substantial sum of money, the admiration of his family, friends, and neighbors and a bouquet of flowers from the circus dwarf. There is nothing very original about this story, but the drawings are original—and delightful. They are in color, and they have atmosphere and action. The background, the circus people, and the animals all have the quality that appeals to almost all boys and girls. The Fat Woman, the finicky little dwarf in his formal dress clothes, the lanky Mike who runs the merry-go-round, the clowns, and the lions spring into life on page after page, and Mr. Ardizzone has been careful to add the details that children seek. The binding and paper of these Porpoise books makes one wonder how long they will stand the wear and tear of use. Certainly this one deserves a long and a prosperous life.



—From "Zviratka a Sedm Loupezniku."

PERNIKOVA CHALOUPKA. By Vaclavrenc Jiritrnka. Illustrated by Jiriho Trnky. Prague: Nakladatelstvi Vysehrad. 1948. *No paging.* 75 *kronen.*

ZVIRATKA A SEDM LOUPEZNIKU. Cenek Sovak-Vojtech Kubasta. Illustrated by Vojtecha Kubasty. Prague: Nakladatelstvi Vysehrad. 1945. *No paging.* 87 *kronen.*

TWO picture books, published fairly recently in Prague, have come to this reviewer's desk. One is illustrated by Jiriho Trnky, who is well known as an illustrator of folk and fairy tales. A fine example of his work is in the exhibit of books owned by the New York Public Library that is being shown now at the Czech Exhibition in the Museum of Science and Industry at Radio City. This one is, obviously, the story of Hansel and Gretel. The text is in verse and the pictures in rich color. The green depths of the forest with its birds and rabbits and squirrels, the dignity of the owl and the humor of the tiny elves who guard the children's sleep, the fiery glow in the witch's oven when Hansel and Gretel push her firmly inside with the handle of a broom for a weapon, will bring to very little children the highlights of this story, so familiar through text and pictures and music in all the European countries. The other book, illustrated in black and white by Vojtecha Kubasty, is "The Musicians of Bremen." There are humor and realism in the drawings, and the border design on the pages is particularly attractive. Both books are published by the Nakladatelstvi Vysehrad.

THE STORY OF YOUR BREAD. By Clara Hollos. Pictures by Laszlo Roth. New York: International Publishers. 1948. *No paging.* $1.50.

IN A format for younger children this attractive book is a record of the development of wheat and of bread from the Stone Age to the

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modern farms and bakeries of today. Every page has a series of drawings, printed in brown and yellow, of the countries and the people who played a part in this development. These drawings, and a simple text, show in the modern part the whole process of growing wheat, harvesting it, and the baking and distribution of the finished loaf.

STORM: Dog of Newfoundland. By Anthony Fon Eisen. Jacket and Title Page by Jacob Landau. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

DISCRIMINATING readers among the older boys and girls will probably be the first to say that this book is overwritten. It is both an adventure story and a love story, exciting enough in its action to make its "wordiness" apparent to the most casual reader. Mr. Eisen's knowledge of and feeling for Newfoundland and Labrador and the rough seas that border on them create a convincing background for this story of Alan Eckhart, his dog Storm, and Martha Marvin. He is happy in his characters, too. Neither Alan nor Martha is impossibly noble or courageous. They are two strong and resourceful young people who meet their problems with common sense and initiative. Storm is a character who will have a vivid appeal to all lovers of dogs. It is only an over-emotional wording and an excess of adjectives that mar the story.

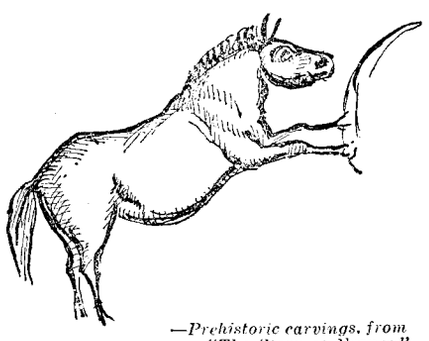
LILLIAN WALD: Angel of Henry Street. By Beryl Williams. Illustrated by Edd Ashe. New York: Julian Messner. 1948. 216 *pp.* $2.75.

AUTHOR of excellent books, both for adults and for young people, Miss Williams turns in this biography to one of the truly great persons of our century. Lillian Wald was an excellent nurse, an outstanding social worker, an administrator of unusual ability; but she was, above all, a selfless person who had a vision of human betterment and worked unsparingly for its realization.

Miss Williams begins her story with Lillian Wald's entrance into the New York Hospital as a probationer in August 1889. Then she returns to the happy childhood years in Rochester, New York, and to the family that offered so much both of material wealth and personal security. The various members of this family, aunts and uncles and grandparents as well as brothers and sisters, live in the story as real people. One sees the influence that each had upon the younger daughter, and realizes the total effect upon her development. This is especially true of her older brother Alfred. There are fascinating descriptions of Lillian's experiences in her training as a nurse and, later, of her work among the immigrant women of New York's Lower East Side, where "her first visit to this teeming, poverty-stricken district, with its odorous, filthy, disease-ridden slums, its grimy children and shawl-wrapped women, its garbage-laden gutters and network of bedding-festooned fire escapes were startling evidences of a life she did not know existed." Here, Lillian Wald found her life's work. After a few years Jacob Schiff gave her the building that was to become known throughout the world as "The House on Henry Street." Here, for the remainder of her life, was to be centered the interest, the devotion, and the influence of one of America's most loved and most loving women. Because of Lillian Wald our health and our schools are better, fewer mothers die in childbirth, fewer children work in factories, and fewer women workers are exploited.

This is a truly excellent book. The narrative and the descriptions are well handled, the continuity and organization are excellent. Best of all, the author seems to have really known well the ever-young Jewish girl who loved and laughed her way to magnificent social accomplishments and a lasting influence on social work. Young Americans need to know the story of Lillian Wald, with her vision and her selflessness, her love for and belief in the dignity of man.

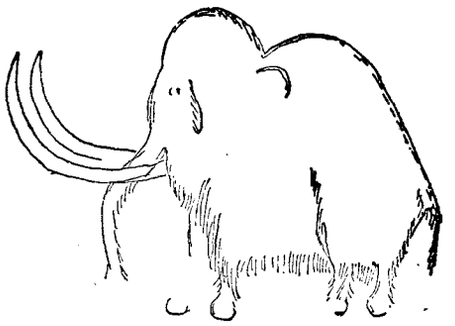
—RALPH ADAMS BROWN.



—*Prehistoric carvings, from "The Story of France."*

THE STORY OF FRANCE. By Eleanor Doorly. Illustrated from Drawings by Katherine Lloyd. New York: Didier. 1948. 274 *pp.* $3.

THIS informal story of France and the French people by the author of "The Microbe Man" was published in England in 1944. This is the first American edition. It begins with the prehistoric period and tells in text and drawings of its record in France today. Then it goes on, through the Middle Ages to the close of the Second World War. The facts of history are given in their sequence, but the emphasis is on the people and the famous towns and buildings. There are some fascinating descriptions of the old walled towns in Provence and of the cathedrals. The author brings in effectively the legends of France, and the songs and stories of the poets and troubadours. It is a readable story that supplements but does not take the place of a formal history. Katherine Lloyd's delicate drawings are effective illustrations.



GIANT AT THE CROSSROADS. By M. Ilin and E. Segal. Translated by Beatrice Kinkead. New York: International Publishers. 1948. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the story of ancient civilization—Egyptian, Greek, and Roman. The "Giant" in the title is man himself, and the emphasis is upon science and man's effort to advance out of superstition, ignorance, and fear into progress and freedom. The heroes of such a book are, obviously, not military leaders or emperors, but scientists, philosophers, and writers. It is, therefore, the type of social and intellectual history of the Mediterranean civilization that is unusual. It would be read with interest by many adults and is, in places at least, beautifully written, or translated. It seems to this reviewer that it may be too philosophical and, sometimes, too vague to be of interest to the average adolescent reader. —R. A. B.

JUST FOR FUN: Humorous Stories and Poems. Selected by Elva Sophronia Smith and Alice Isabel Hazeltine. Decorations by Leonard Weisgard. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1948. 238 *pp.* $2.75.

THIS fresh and zestful collection of funny poems and stories has a double value. It could, and almost certainly will, be the center of highly amused groups of boys and girls at home, in school, in the public libraries and out of doors. Through its happy selection it introduces to those who share it the best of the humorists who write for young people. In time, it

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runs from William Shakespeare to Emily Kimbrough and Robert McCloskey. Chapters of R. H. Davis's "Tree Toad," Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," Booth Tarkington's "Penrod," and Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" stand up very well indeed when they are taken from their context. How anyone can read these chapters and not go on through the whole book is difficult to understand. The Tall Tales section gives one of Richard Chase's Smokey Mountain "Jack" tales and, next to it, Seumas MacManus's "Jack and the King Who Was a Gentleman." The section called The Play's the Thing includes "The Midsummer Night's Dream" and the charades given by the Peterkin family in Philadelphia. Leonard Weisgard's black and white sketches would be more effective if the publishers had selected better paper.

THE PALOMINO BOY. By Don and Betty Emblen. Decorations by Lynd Ward. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 189 *pp.* $2.

THERE is an unusual quality in this story of Juan, the little Mexican boy, who lived in the Descanso Valley with three old American ladies who kept a store. The three old sisters were kind to Juan. He had his own horse, a dog, and a garden. He worked enough to feel that he was a help rather than a hindrance. He had a deep feeling for the lovely, fertile valley and a knowledge of and pride in the things that grew there. But Juan was a Mexican, not an American. He had battles to fight and met the problem intelligently, confident that he had his own part to play in the life of the valley and in the world beyond. Lynd Ward's drawing on the cover-jacket shows us Juan's face—sensitive and thoughtful. This is a book that has a lasting value.

—From "The Palomino Boy."

HOW TO WRITE FOR CHILDREN

(*Continued from page 24*)

times on library and radio story hours, as has Marcia Brown's "Stone Soup."

Many a story has had a longer life because of its possibilities for dramatization. My simple, rather naive first picture book, "The Little Wooden Farmer," has lived eighteen years because it grew out of children's play (I saw children playing it with their wooden toys), because it has a rhythmic pattern, and children can dramatize it. They like the Farmer, too; a character that children can take to their hearts always carries a story far on its way to long life. Lois Lenski's "Mr. Small," who appears in a whole group of books, is a phenomenon; lucky the author who can think of a character as appealing. And what wouldn't I give to be able to write a book like Wanda Gág's "Millions of Cats"! It is one of our outstanding picture books. This is no mere collection of words clapped between bright covers, its shortcomings glossed over by dozens of colored pictures. No, its pictures are sober black-and-white, but there is an entrancing Cinderella story, appealing characters, humor, surprise, and an almost unbelievable felicity in the use of words. I once heard Wanda Gág say that text and pictures "flowed along together from page to page like music," and that is exactly what they do. It is seldom that a picture book achieves being both a delight to the eye and music to the ear.

Now to consider the "middle-age" children, which happens to be the group for whom most of my books have been written. Here I am discussing mainly the realistic story of the type so successfully and charmingly done by Eleanor Estes, Kate Seredy, and a limited group of writers. It scarcely seems necessary to consider the fairy tale, for though many attempt it, few succeed, and a good fanciful story comes only once or twice in a generation. I have a healthy inferiority feeling before the work of Hans Andersen, Lewis Carroll, Kenneth Grahame, A. A. Milne, and Hugh Lofting. It would be well if writers of the "little fairy Bluebell" school shared it! How many of these fairy tales are produced by adolescent minds only to go into the scrapbasket!

At this age (under ten) the story is decidedly the thing. So is the ability to create real characters, to write simply and directly so that the still inexpert reader doesn't have to use a machete to fight his way out of a jungle of words, a tangle of unnecessary description. I do not mean using a "limited" vocabulary; there is all the difference in the world between writing simply and using a planned vocabulary. As I look back at my "Relief's Rocker," published sixteen years ago and still a favorite, it seems quite unusual in its simplicity, taking its cue from a primitive village setting, and achieving a certain charm in few words. This very simplicity is something that, having since written books for older children, it would be hard for me to recapture. You will find it also in Eleanor Lattimore's "Little Pear."

It would seem that the so-called "teen-age" book or "junior novel" might be the easiest to write because its form most closely approaches that of the adult book. Don't be deceived! Not only are young people extremely critical, but there are limitations that are gradually but slowly being broken down. The "junior novel" read by bright ten-year-olds and more immature teen-age readers is still hedged around by the absurd taboos of those who wish all reading for the young to be as naive in thought as the young of this generation most assuredly are not. We are balancing precariously on the verge of something that could be real writing and dare not realize its possibilities because some of our critics of children's books (especially those belonging to certain religious groups) are people who have retired into a strange fastness from which they view life dimly and wish this view on our young people.

The great problem of the writer of the "older juvenile" is to know how close to life it is permissible to go, without offending some adult watchdog. The older juvenile is, within certain limitations, a novel and should be approached as such. Indeed, some of our best junior novels are superior in craftsmanship to many adult ones.

NOW as to the tools of the trade. If there is one thing that is important to a writer of *any* type of book it is observation, and a sort of grab-bag memory that tucks away impressions for future use. I've read a lot about keeping a notebook, but I'm not systematic enough for that. What I keep is a mental notebook. It was my privilege as a young writer to have as a friend Rachel Field, novelist and writer of children's books, and to see the acuteness of her observation—the way she looked at little things, noted them mentally, used them later, freshened and made new from their

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sojourn in her mind. Even the most ordinary happenings may be burnished to brightness in a creative mind.

The second important tool, so far as I am concerned, is visualization. To me it is absolutely essential before writing a word to see the characters, the setting, the action with perfect clarity.

If I create real children it is first of all because I love children, and know them well; and secondly, because I never write until I have seen my characters and the action of my story so clearly that they are real to me, and so to my child reader. Once the plot is carefully thought through, words seem to come readily.

Many authors find plotting a story the most difficult of all. The modern child demands, according to library statistics, "an exciting book." Too many books are plotless, and a good, well-knit plot, with sustained suspense, is something all editors look for. However, plot is by no means all, and the books that have gone on selling year in, year out, depend largely on interesting characters, and some unusual quality in the writing. A critic has said that my books have "mild plots." I have never believed that all books must have action that zips along like a rocket or suspense to keep the reader panting. My plots are simple, and for breathless action I have substituted interesting settings and (I hope) well-defined, lively characters.

Characterization is the life of the story. It is an essential. Whatever the period of the story, the characters must come alive, and all of them must be real. Don't forget their weaknesses; it is often these little things that endear them to the reader. Remember Jo in "Little Women"? If I see any growth in my own writing, it is increased ability to characterize the adults in the story as well as the children. While in a child's book interest should center on the children, parents should be allowed some emotional life of their own. Adult characters should not be puppets, though this is a common weakness with beginning writers.

Genuine emotion—not sentimentality—is an important part of a child's book, and too many of them have no emotional climate whatever. So carefully organized, so rarified, are the emotions in many present-day stories that children turn to the fairy tales and, alas, to the comics for real adult emotional situations.

Then dialogue. How many stories fall down on unconvincing dialogue; how many writers make their children talk like stiff little automatons! To write for children one must have an ear sensitive to the way they talk By this I do not mean the over-use of slang and modern phrases, but simply an ear for the complete freshness of children's conversation (freshness used in the sense of dew, not impudence!). Children have such an unhackneyed way of looking at their world and talking about it. A small boy having his first ride in an elevator stands ecstatically on tiptoe and exclaims: "This little house is going somewhere and I am going with it!" "I have painted *a running wish*!" says a five-year-old, standing back from her easel. To be a good listener pays dividends.

DESCRIPTION is perhaps least important, for children characteristically skip long descriptions which are supposed to entrance them, but which really entrance only the author and a limited number of adults. As a child I read Scott, skipping the window-dressing descriptions with skill. I did not skip the descriptions in Andersen's Fairy Tales; they were a lovely part of the story, and even now some of the phrases linger in my mind. Description is most effective when it is brief, meaningful, used only as it enhances the story and makes the setting and characters real.

And—why have I left it almost to the last?—there is the God-given sense of humor, which helps tremendously, for how children love to laugh! In my mental notebook I keep a special place for amusing happenings that may be worked into stories. Nine-year-old "fan" mail nearly always refers to the fun in favorite books. Natural spontaneous humor, not "smarty" writing with one eye on adults, laughing with children, not at them—that is to a book what pepper and salt are to a good meal.

Is the field overcrowded or is there a chance for new writers? There is usually room for a book that has a new angle, an interesting setting, genuine emotion, convincing dialogue. When your book is accepted you are among the fortunate, for if there is a more rewarding occupation than writing for children, I should like to know it. By rewards, I do not mean material ones. Royalties are a necessity, of course—I make a pleasant income through my books, but I have a long list of them, and I've always held a salaried job as well. This is the ideal way to write for children, for then writing is not bread-and-butter, but an avocation filled with pleasure. Then one does not worry too much about advances and the next check, especially at the beginning, when building up a reputation as a writer may be a slow business.

No, I can't think of writing for children merely in terms of commercial return. Prizes and medals are pleasant, but the real reward is the letters that come from children. "I loved your book," "Please write some more stories about . . .," "I liked the part where . . . . .," and the very personal, "Please write some more 'Janet' stories *for me.*"

SRL *continues its series of articles on writing as a craft with this discussion of writing for children by Alice Dalgliesh, children's book editor of Charles Scribner's Sons. Miss Dalgliesh is herself the author of twenty-five books for children.*

"I'd like a nice novel—something about the 1920's."

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BEETHOVEN, EGMONT OVERTURE. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor 12-0288 (1)	The best Boston recording, distant-style, resonant, but with clean, sharp, loud passages (unlike some older Boston Symph. jobs). Fine brass, cymbals, the whole brilliant, bit metallic.	A fine group of "occasion" overtures, not one dull. "Egmont" gets a precise, powerful Boston treatment, bit heavy; Brahms similarly. Fine recording counts in both. The Mendelssohn is superbly played, intense, ultra-accurate — a top reading of one of few "tragic" M. works. The Weber is a charming potboiler, tuneful, skilfully made, ending with "God Save the King," full blast. Playing a bit uncouth.
BRAHMS, ACADEMIC FESTIVAL OVERTURE. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor 12-0377 (1)		
MENDELSSOHN, RUY BLAS OVERTURE. San Francisco Symphony, Monteux. RCA Victor 12-0657 (1)	Resonant like Boston Victors, but with softer texture, more instrumental detail, closer roundness.	
WEBER, JUBILEE OVERTURE. Minneapolis Symphony. Mitropoulos. Columbia 12891-D (1)	Sharp, wide-range recording, lots of brass edge. Acoustically on the dry side.	
DEBUSSY, PRELUDE A L'APRES-MIDI D'UN FAUNE. Phila. Orch. Ormandy. Columbia 12891-D (1)	More resonant, liquid-sounding than most Columbia recording. Nice highs, but much low-level music means intruding hiss too.	A solid, reliable interpretation not without Stokowski reminiscences. Good replacement value.
COPLAND, PIANO SONATA (1941). Leonard Bernstein, piano. RCA Victor DM 1278 (3) *Comparison:* (SAME) Leo Smit. Concert Hall A2. (*Subscription*)	The Victor piano is more massive, nearer sounding than Concert Hall's, an effective job. Concert Hall has nice treble, weak bass, tends to buzz on peaks a bit, but gives fine musical clarity. Victor's is much the snazziest sound.	Uncompromising, severely dissonant music, grows with rehearing. Bernstein has a way with contemporary music—his Copland is dynamic, dramatic, a bit obvious, most effective. But for serious interpretation I'd take Smit's.

THE SHORTER WORKS

THE broken two-sided piece (see above) is a musical anomaly of the record field. You can't make an LP record of it unless you tie it to something else, perhaps unwanted. You can't change it on a changer without buying two copies. In the foreseeable future you'll still turn it by hand in mid-music. Yet the best composers write two-sided. During preliminary maneuverings before the present deadlock, a semi-long-playing record was apparently in the works, two ordinary sides on each face. As well it was dropped, for in most respects it would fall between stools—but here was one chance lost to patch up the two-sider into a whole, once and for all. Too late. Another bad length is the two-record work, four sides, barely enough to get by in album form. Here the changer is merely sixty-six per cent efficient, with one manual to two automatic changes; on LP the four-sider makes an indecently scant single face.

All of which indicates that neither Columbia's LP nor the coming Victorgroove record (standard length) and its quick-changer will quite solve the old problem of arbitrary time slices. For the longer works most of us will insist that *any break*, however short, is far worse than no break at all. RCA Victor will have a tough time living that down, even with the quickest changer in the business. But for the shorter works —the legions of one- , two- , four-sided pieces—competition is still wide open and the odds at this writing equal.

Note to contemporary composers: slice your music to fit!

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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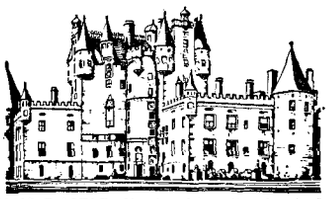

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the Phoenix Nest

FEAR
(In the Ozarks)

FOR twenty days
The mountain has been covered with snow.
The wolves have stopped their yelping.
On snow-cushioned feet, belly low,
Ears cocked for sound, they advance—
Fear-glazed eyes riveted
On the hunger-appeasing hut in the valley.

A horse neighs.
Chickens cackle, ducks huddle,
The pink noses of rabbits quiver.
Behind a cracked window pane,
Children clustered about her,
A woman stares toward the mountain—
The fingers of her right hand
Curled about the handle of a dented ax.

—ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

* * *

I'M AN INTRUDER HERE MYSELF —OR THE DISPOSABLE FAULKNER

He stood, not a man yet nor yet not a boy, trying not to show himself. In Jefferson it was and Jefferson it will be even when I am a man. This is what it means to be a white Southern boy in the becoming of a white Southern man. An awareness and a heritage, a pridestrong humbleness nascent yet inevictable. But he didn't want to show himself too much because he knew too much. He knew more, probably, than anyone else—boy, man, woman, or old woman—in Jefferson.

Down by the Habersham cutoff, in the process of building off and on for seventeen years with the taxpayers' money, he opened the book not meaning then to read it. He wasn't asked to. Afterwards, he tried to give it back. No dice. Shurf Edmonds was in charge of the construction. He was elected in non-successive terms and that was why it was taking too long. He'd be a man grown before that Habersham cutoff was done.

Sneakering over to uncle's, the casual words deliberate, skilful whiplashes—all the more so because they were italicized:

> *We are a homogeneous lot. Take one thousand of us and in it nine hundred and ninety-nine will feel alike maybe act alike, and take another thousand of us and only one will be the deviate—the potential, possibly wishing to although not necessarily really deviating and that is never forget it homogeneity without which there can be no culture and ergo no cultural solution to sambo. Mr. Bones. He continues forever or until the nine hundred and ninety-nine overcome the one. Which has always taken time which is what sambo has, son*

Son or nephew, it made little difference because he planned to get the hell out of there and stay out of there.

But Shurf Edmonds flicked a pale glance at him. "Someone seen you that time by the cutoff. Must have. You'll have to come back."

Still sleepless they reached the cutoff—he, his mother, his secretary, and the sheriff. But it had been finished since he was there last. An appalling amount of hand labor was involved because it was all to be done over again, of course, the next time Shurf Edmonds was elected.

His mother, damn her, told him not to stand too long in the water and then told the Shurf to send him under the bridge because he was wet already. They had to rig up a block and tackle to get the corpse out. Just then the old man came up. Grieving he was. Asked who had shot him then. Someone with a Mauser, the Shurf said. Must have. So the old man lugged it off.

No sleep yet, and not to like coffee until eighteen. Maybe to be a man before eighteen. Or soon. A heterogeneous man.

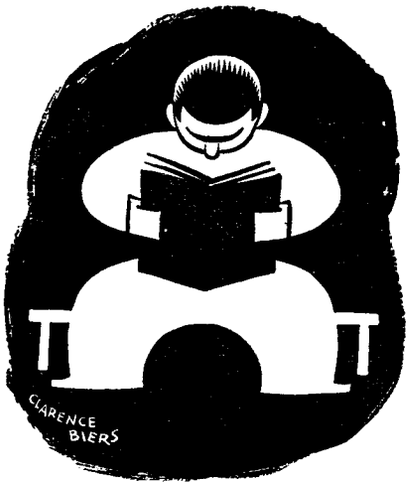
(Here you could go into italics again, or just move along and out.)

—MARGARET L. MAGNUSSON.

* * *

UNTERMEYER REVISITED
(A Tune for the Twenties)

Sing ho for the verse of a happier day
When Parker was penning her *rimes dégagées*,



And Edna inditing some playful epistles
Whose burden was frailty and fig-laden thistles.

When *Poetry*'s prize, be it ever so noble,
Was freely bestowed by Monroe and not Strobel;
When Guiterman, Adams, and Taylor were starchy,
And Marquis reflected the wisdom of *archie*

When Sandburg was strumming and Lindsay was chanting,
And cummings and Kreymborg were extravaganting—
While Ezra expounded, and Markham was mellow,
And hapless Hart Crane was one hell-raising fellow.

When Amy, enthroned, made each *obiter dictum*
She uttered, a law—with verse as the victim;
And honors galore, not to mention the bacon,
Consoled Robert Frost for the road never taken.

When Jeffers was venting a Sophoclean fury,
And Eliot hailed from St. Louis, Missouri—
Sing ho for the Muse in the days that were palmy,
Before the poor dear was declared atom balmy!

—RAYMOND HOSKEN.

* * *

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—VERA HINMAN.

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—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 17)

wrestling around with souls. The story seems miserably bogged down as, like his son, the reader becomes exasperated with Robert Carbury.

In addition to an apparent inability to get any real action into her story, Miss Brittain displays a love of words, *all* words, which weighs her reader down under an almost intolerable burden of clumsy, indiscriminate, analytic description. Her prose destroys itself—and heavy, heavy hangs over the reader's head.

But the most marked failure of this story is the author's inability to compel much feeling for Robert Carbury. Noble as was his cause, persistent though his faith, I am sure that I would have found myself staring at the ceiling through his sermons, even as I did so figuratively through his story. We cannot be moved by his death because neither Carbury nor his cause ever gets down off its principles long enough to represent flesh and blood. Adrian, as he typifies adolescence, is more real, but not real enough to save his chronicle. For there is an overlapping, a repetitiveness, a verbosity here which render the book as disorderly as the life of its young protagonist.

* * *

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And even as Ariadne casts her amorous glances toward Hollywood, so, I fear, does her creator, Miss Dorothy Hughes. The hero gloriously fulfills motion-picture requirements by making his first encounter with the heroine as nasty a one as possible, by "hating" her until the dawn of love is recognized, even as she "hates" him. Miss Hughes is given to coy interpretation of just about everything, and has the aggravating habit of qualifying obvious situations with obvious remarks. "The Big Barbecue" does not fulfill its obligations as intelligent satire or, for that matter, as intelligent fiction.

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PRINCETON JUNIOR would travel abroad this summer. Supervise younger boys, tutor most subjects, drive, cook, camp. Also companion. Box 844-D.

YOUNG LADY, secretary, willing to travel desires position as lady companion, speaks Spanish. Box 845-D.

YOUNG WOMAN, many interests, with new lease on life, desires correspondence with cheerful, sincere and refined gentlemen. Box 846-D.

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SWEET, AMIABLE MISS shyly invites correspondence from idealist. Box 850-D.

SINCERE LADY, lover country life, with zest for living, wishes correspondence with mature gentleman of like propensity. Box 851-D.

BUSINESS GIRL desires correspondence—masculine, feminine. Varied interests, music, theatre. Fairly intelligent. Box 852-D.

VASSAR STUDENT desires position, companion or governess with party traveling abroad after June 15th Box 853-D.

WOMAN interested in what makes people tick. Would exchange symptoms by mail. Box 854-D.

YOUNG MAN would like correspondence with broad-minded women. Box 855-D.

YOUR PORTRAIT in Conte crayon by follower of old masters. Samples. Box 856-D.

MALE STUDENT with M.A. but no money wishes to attend London summer school. Suggestions? Box 857-D.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL WOMAN loving sports, children, music, welcomes correspondence sincere, mature male. Box 858-D.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 777

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

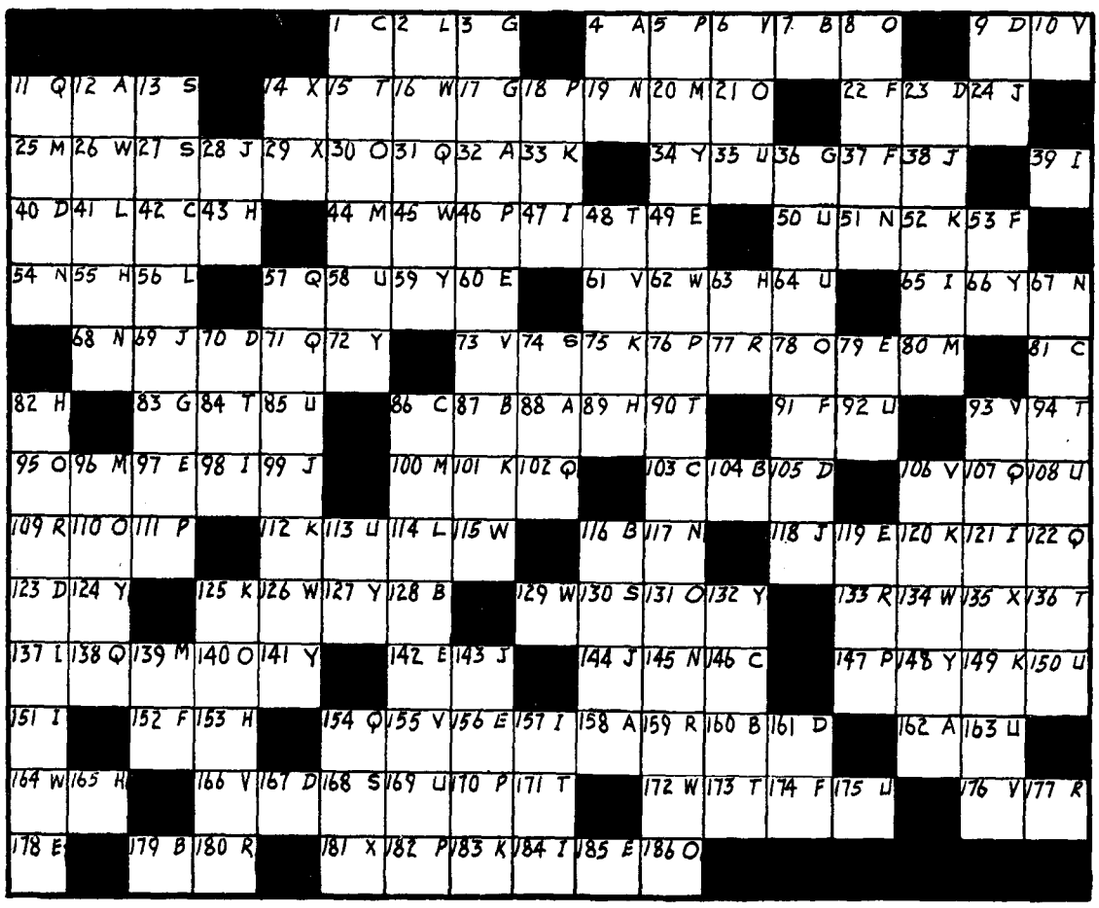
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Surname of a popular German biographer recently deceased.	12 88 158 4 162 32
B. The author of all material in the Hexateuch using "Elohim" as the name of God (O. T. criticism).	160 7 87 104 179 128 116
C. English bookseller and poet, friend of the Lake poets (1770-1853).	86 81 1 103 42 146
D. Smoothly; easily (fig.; 2 wds.).	40 161 9 23 70 105 167 123
E. Writer or singer of usually a cappella polyphonic choral composition on a sacred text.	119 142 79 178 49 60 156 185 97
F. An alloy, essentially copper and zinc, used for cheap jewelry, etc.	22 152 53 91 174 37
G. First name of biographer in Word A.	3 83 36 17
H. Middle name of American figure and portrait painter (1838-1915; Mark Hopkins, etc.).	43 63 89 55 165 82 153
I. Lake in Westmoreland Co., England, 7½ miles long.	47 157 137 151 39 184 65 98 121
J. American Midwestern poet (1881-).	143 24 118 38 28 69 99 144
K. Hastening from one thing to another incessantly (3 wds.; colloq.).	52 149 125 183 33 75 101 112 120
L. German religious and genre painter (1848-1911; "The Last Supper," etc.).	41 2 114 56

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Talks, esp. the broken English of Australian aborigines.	80 25 139 100 20 44 96
N. So. African Boer War general and statesman hostile to the British (1866-1942).	145 67 51 54 19 117 68
O. One of a political group of Northern Ireland, strongly Protestant and opposed to Home Rule.	95 140 21 30 8 110 78 186 131
P. God; the Supreme Being (with "The"; 2 wds.).	147 76 46 111 170 18 182 5
Q. To grate on; to rub.	71 57 107 11 138 154 31 102 122
R. "Father" of the "Lame Duck" Amendment in Congress.	177 109 77 159 133 180
S. First name of portrait painter in Word H.	13 74 27 168 130
T. English historical writer, canonized in 1191 (biographer of Edward the Confessor, etc.).	136 171 173 15 48 94 84 90
U. To bear up under trials and difficulties (3 wds.; slang).	163 64 58 85 150 175 35 92 169 113 108 50
V. Pleasing, esp. to the taste.	61 176 10 93 155 166 6 73 106
W. In comparative obscurity (3 wds.).	129 134 172 62 45 164 126 16 26 115
X. Rhizomes of any plant of genus *Valeriana* (pharm.).	29 181 14 135
Y. Characterized by the use of "Yahweh" or "Jehovah" as the name of God; said esp. of certain parts of the O. T.	141 132 66 34 148 124 72 127 59

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



FEBRUARY 12, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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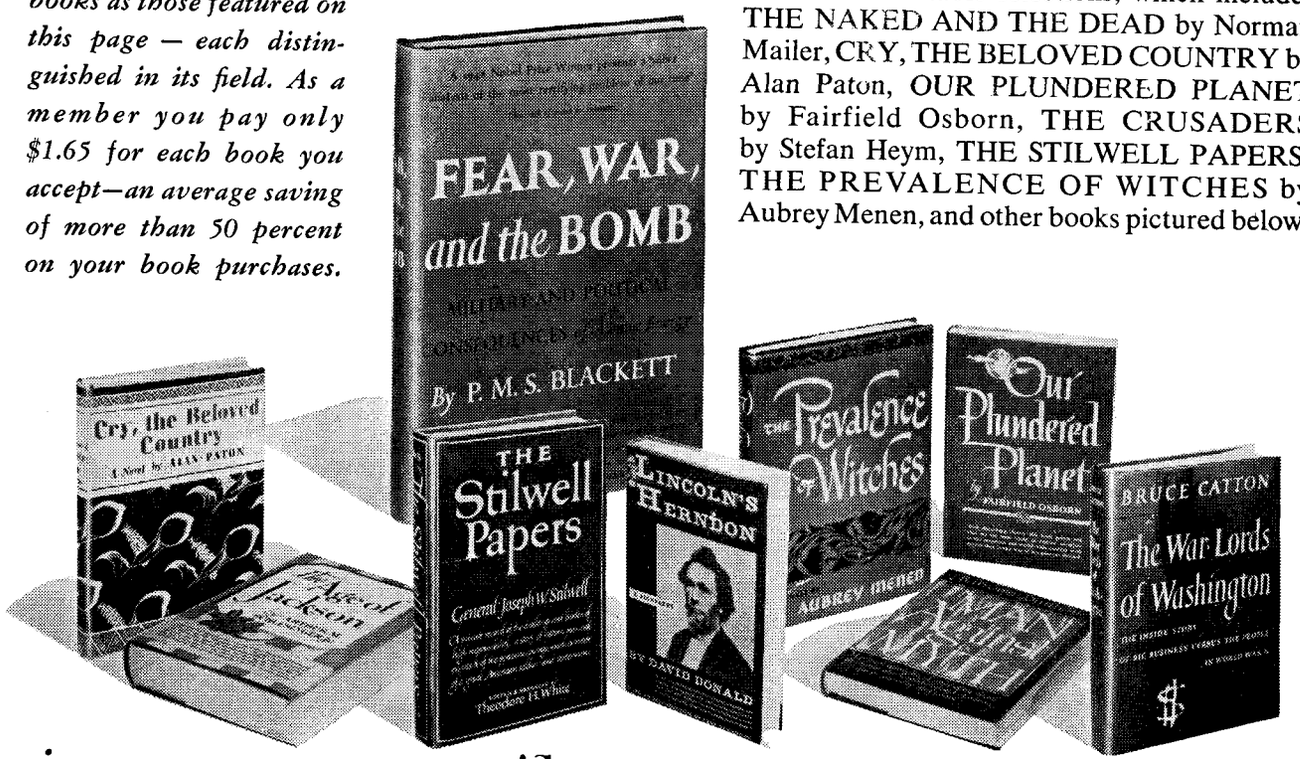

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